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MEMORIALS
OF
MR. JOHN PRICE
BY THE
REV. T. OSBORN

600026287V

Vincent Brooks, lith

Bridge Hall.

LONDON:

TON, ADAMS & CO., PATERNOS

BRIDGEND: WILLIAM LEYSH

1850

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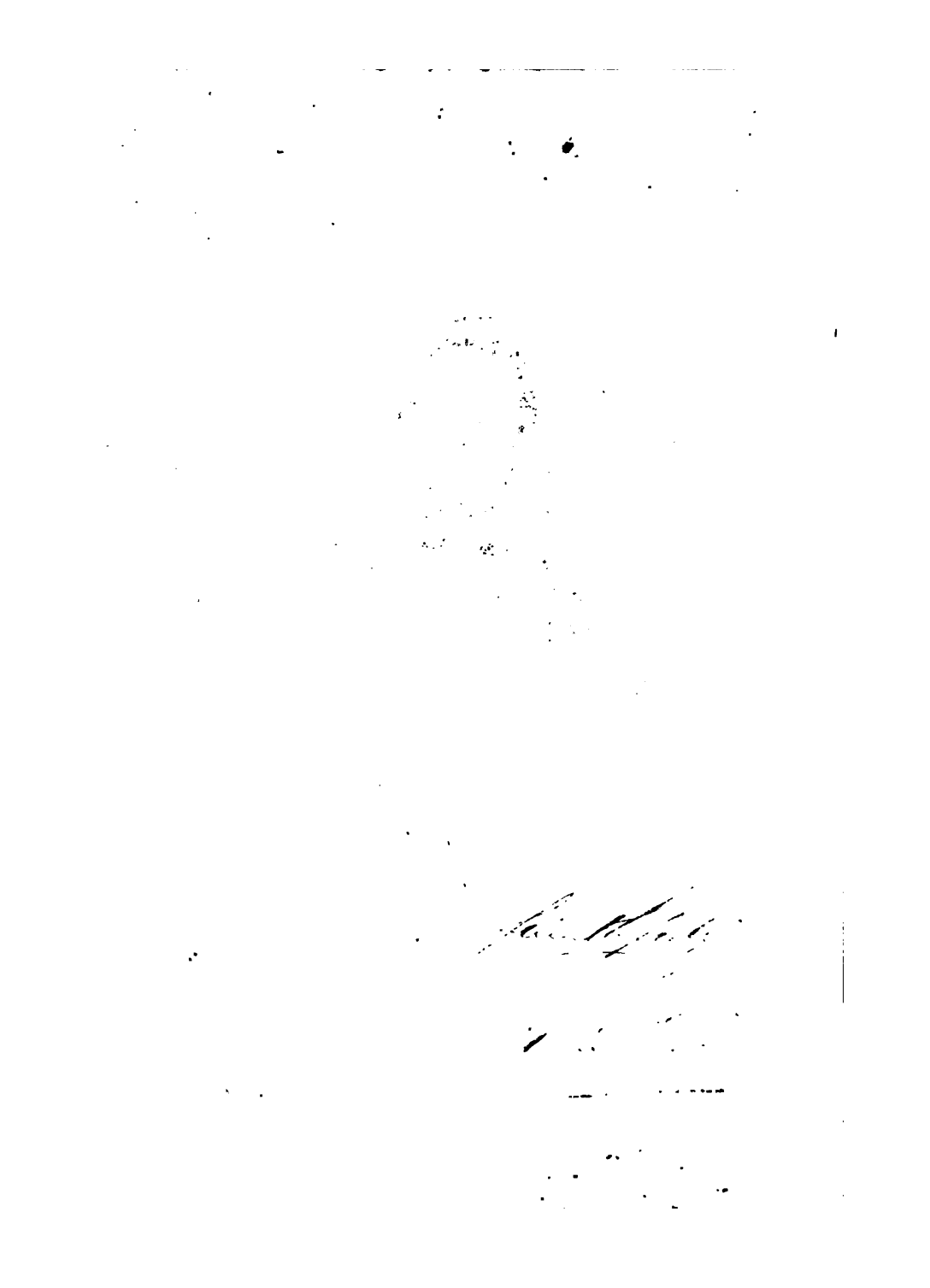

"THE DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED."

MEMORIALS

OF

Mr. JOHN PRICE

OF BRIDGEND:

With an Appendix.

BY THE REV. THOMAS OSBORN,
WESLEYAN MINISTER.

"A man's best monument are his virtuous actions."
BISHOP HALL.

LONDON:
HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.
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1862.

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BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·
DOMINUS
ILLUMINATIO
MEA

TO

THE MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

OF

The late Mr. John Price,

ALSO

TO THE TEACHERS AND CHILDREN OF THE BRIDGEND WESLEYAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL,

WITH

THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCHES,

CONFORMIST AND NONCONFORMIST, WITH WHOM HE LIVED AND LABOURED "IN THE BONDS OF A PEACEFUL GOSPEL,"

These Memorials are respectfully Dedicated

BY THE

BIOGRAPHER.

PREFACE.

It is expected that some, in reading these memorials, will regard the writer as guilty of a mistake common to biographers—that of making a hero of his friend, or at least of magnifying the excellences of his character, while its faults are studiously concealed. He can only say that he has *striven* to be honest. He confidently believes that, by all who knew the excellent man of whom he has written, the picture will be regarded as faint and underdrawn.

While penning these pages, he looked back a hundred times over the years during which he was associated with John Price, to recall, if possible, a word, or a temper, or an act, which he could censure or wish other than it was; but he looked in vain. To say that his friend was superhuman, that he had not naturally "an evil heart of unbelief," or that he was not subject to the various infirmities incident to human nature, would be to contradict his own state-

ments in the following pages; but he was what he aimed at being—a real, earnest, useful Christian; a sincere disciple of Him who was "meek, and lowly in heart." There was nothing in his character bordering on the romantic or the mystical. He was what every Christian is called to be—"blameless and harmless; a son of God without rebuke,"—a beautiful example of pure mindedness and Christian consistency.

This volume is sent forth with many prayers that the simple record may not only afford comfort to the bereaved and sorrowing family of a departed saint, but prove beneficial to those also who are just entering on the more dangerous stage of youthful life.

The funeral sermon was preached without any thought of publication, and is inserted only in deference to the feeling of those in whose hearts its delivery must always be associated with the memory of one who was "greatly beloved."

GLOUCESTER, *Sept.*, 1862.

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MEMORIALS OF MR. JOHN PRICE.

CHAPTER I.

HIS BIRTHPLACE—PARENTAGE—CHILDHOOD.

> My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise:
> The son of parents passed into the skies.

In the rich and beautiful vale of Glamorgan, about thirteen miles from Cardiff, at the head of a quiet glen one mile from the sea, stands the ancient but now obscure town of Lantwit Major. That it was once a place of considerable importance may be inferred from its antique town-hall, its spacious church, its crosses, and its venerable ruins, now "with nettles skirted and with moss overgrown." Like many other spots in the "Principality" long since sunk in obscurity, Lantwit is rich in historical and traditionary associations. Hard by, *it is said*,

lived "BRÂN," chief of Glamorgan, who, having embraced Christianity at Rome, brought back two missionaries with him to Lantwit, who preached the Gospel to his subjects. Here, too, stood a sacred college—now in ruins—over which Patrick, the patron saint of the "Emerald Isle," presided, and in which Paulinus, a bishop, Taliesin, the bard, and Gildas, the historian, were educated.*

From tradition we turn to truth. Here, on September 3rd, 1825, JOHN PRICE, whose brief but useful life is sketched in these pages, was born. Long before this date, however, the men whose hearts God had touched at Oxford, and who in the fulfilment of their high commission went through the length and breadth of the land preaching "the Gospel of the grace of God," had found their way to Lantwit.† As early as the year 1749, just ten years after the formation of the first Methodist society in London, John Wesley preached at Lanmaes, a village one mile from Lantwit, to a "loving, earnest people who had no wish to be wiser than God;" presenting a pleasing contrast to those of Cardiff, who, he thought, had blighted the work of God "by leaning

* Appendix, p. 192. † Journal, vol. ii. p. 21.

to their own understanding instead of the law and the testimony."

There is no doubt but a society was about that time formed at Lanmaes, for in 1758 he speaks of them as "right, OLD, simple Christians."* It was not until July 25th, 1777, that he visited Lantwit. Under this date, he says, "I preached in Lantwit Church to a very numerous congregation. I have not seen either so large or so handsome a church since I left England. It *was* sixty yards in length, but one end of it is in ruins. I suppose it has been abundantly the most beautiful as well as the most spacious church in Wales." Among the first-fruits of his ministry in these parts was Mrs. Jones, of Fontegary, a lady of considerable wealth, in whose mansion he often preached. She exemplified in a high degree the Christian life until the year 1788, just three years before his own death, when he found her "worn out with disease, but in all patience and resignation setting forth the dignity of the Christian in weakness, pain, and death."† They took their last look and leave of each other on earth on August 29th of that year, soon to meet in a milder clime.

* Journal, vol. ii. p. 434. † Ibid. vol. iv. p. 417.

Of the earnest and exemplary society at Lanmaes, Mr. John Price's grandfather and grandmother, with several of their children, were members; so that "when we call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that was in him," we are reminded, as in the case of Timothy, that "it first dwelt in his grandmother,"* and we may add, in his "mother also." It is hardly to be supposed that a society so earnest and simple-minded as that at Lanmaes would remain stationary. In those days "the word of God grew mightily, and prevailed." The number of them that believed increased, until the place became "too strait" for them. This led to the removal of the society and services from Lanmaes to Lantwit. Here for many years they occupied jointly with the Calvinistic Methodists a large building still standing called "the Old Vicarage."

These societies thus early brought together at

* Mr. Price's great-grandmother resided at Lanmaes, and was personally acquainted with Mr. Wesley. She lived to a venerable age, and died "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." Supported in her last moments by two of her family, the following lines were simultaneously applied to her mind and to theirs:—

Her mounting soul is on its wing,
She hears the saints in Zion sing;
She dies to meet them there.

Lantwit were preserved in a remarkable degree from the spirit of party strife and polemic acerbity which rose so high and raged so fearfully in those days. They chose "the more excellent way" of "*agreeing to differ*" on minor points of doctrine and discipline, endeavouring to keep "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace;" and it is interesting to observe how the same spirit has descended to successive generations. Few places under heaven, it may be presumed, have presented a more beautiful exemplification of the principle so poetically set forth in the 133rd Psalm, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" than the different churches in Lantwit during the year 1859-60. It was indeed "like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments; it was as the dew of Hermon, as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord" did verily "command His blessing, even life for evermore." Night after night Wesleyans, Independents, and Calvinistic Methodists were seen "in one place with one accord," blending their prayers and songs of praise, while night after night thoughtless sinners became concerned—inquired,

"What must we do to be saved?" and, believing "on the Lord Jesus Christ," went down to their houses "justified." This blessed work went on until more than one-third of the adult population were gathered into the fold of Christ. This may, partly at least, account for the fact that when the parents of John Price saw and felt the need of church fellowship, the *father* joined the Calvinistic Methodists, while his *mother* became a Wesleyan. As a rule, this is not to be recommended. It has often proved detrimental to personal piety, and most injurious in its influence on the next generation. As a rule, it is far better for those who "*of twain are made one flesh*," "to think and speak the same," to be of "the same judgment," so that both in the sanctuary, and at home, they may "with one mouth glorify God." Yet it cannot be doubted but there are exceptional cases —circumstances sometimes arise justifying a contrary course; and when this is the case an opportunity is afforded for setting forth a true catholicity and enlargement of heart. In the case of Mr. and Mrs. Price there is good reason to believe it "worked together for good" to all concerned. "One in Christ," and "heirs together of the grace of life," they resolved to, be helpers of each other's joy. Blest with children,

they felt it a privilege to present them to God in Holy Baptism, which they regarded, not simply as an initiatory rite, but a solemn covenant transaction, securing to their "seed" the promised Spirit in virtue of the atonement of Christ, in answer to believing prayer, and in connexion with a godly training.

Mr. Price, eminently peaceful in his spirit, committed, with confidence, the "*bringing up*" of the children to his judicious and energetic wife, whose sense of parental responsibility was deepened by the very strong and Scriptural views held and enforced by the church of which her husband was a member. The result was just what might be expected. The children, with an exception or two, became members of the Wesleyan Society; cherishing, at the same time, a high respect for, and a strong attachment to, the church of their father.

JOHN, the youngest of nine, of an amiable disposition, soon became an object of the fondest affection to the whole family. By his parents prayer was made without ceasing that his life might be preserved and consecrated to God. By his father he was carried to the house of God when yet a child, that he might, in after life, appreciate a sermon in his native tongue. Here he heard some of the most eminent Welsh

divines, long since gone to their reward, and learned to lisp the praises of God, an exercise in which, to the latest hour of his life, he greatly delighted.

We might here observe, that the importance of Christian psalmody, not only in the sanctuary, but also in the family, can scarcely be overrated. "*It is a good thing to give thanks unto Thy Name, O Most High. To show forth Thy lovingkindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night.*" It enlivens devotion, and calls away the thoughts from earth to heaven. It lightens care, and soothes the heart weighed down with sorrow. But to the younger branches of the family it is of especial value. Incapable, it may be, of comprehending the portion read, perhaps indisposed to take up the petitions presented in prayer, they unite in the hymn of praise, and are thus brought to feel that they belong to the "*whole family in heaven and on earth.*" Who can say how many youths might have been saved from "hardness of heart and contempt of God's Word and worship," if singing had formed a part of the family devotions? The effect on Mr. Price's family was most salutary and edifying. Regularly, and with reverence, was the Bible read, the hymn of praise sung, and prayer offered. God had given him "a tent," and he

erected to Him "an altar," from which the morning and evening sacrifice ascended to heaven, "a sweet smelling savour." The recollection of those seasons of devotion within the family circle is still refreshing to survivors:—

They seem still to see the chairs of their father and mother,
The seats of the children as ranged on each hand,
And the blessed old Book which excels every other,
The Family Bible that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned Bible—the dear blessed Bible—
The Family Bible that lay on the stand.

But singing was not confined to family devotions, it sweetly filled up the intervals of business, in too many instances spent in profitless conversation and petty slanderings. One happy result of this in Mr. Price's family was, that all the children grew up devotedly attached to their parents, and "*home*" stood associated with a thousand fond endearments.

CHAPTER II.

REMOVAL TO BRIDGEND—APPRENTICESHIP—CONVERSION.

God passed him by,
And on him breathed, and bade him live.
He put into his lips a song,
That rolled in numbers down the tide of life.

STRONGLY attached as Mr. and Mrs. Price were to Lantwit, and pleased to see their children around them, they saw plainly that there they could have but few opportunities of rising in life. Not insensible to the advantages of education, they conferred upon their children the best the neighbourhood and their means could furnish; by which they were, in after life, prepared to take an advanced position in society.

PHILIP, the second son, having learned the business of a chemist, was the first of the family to settle in Bridgend, a town nine miles from Lantwit, and

until recently—more on account of its central position than its size—the county town of Glamorgan. RICHARD, the fourth son, then fourteen years of age, was placed as an apprentice under his brother Philip. He grew up to be a young man exceedingly prepossessing in his person and manner, until he reached the age of twenty-three, when he *sickened* and *died*. The stroke fell with tremendous weight on the whole family, but especially so on the parents, who had been remarkably favoured by Divine Providence—forty years having passed away since the Angel of Death had halted at their dwelling.

On the death of Richard, John, then a youth of fourteen, left Lantwit, and took his place behind his brother's counter.

Without doubt "that good thing which by nature he could *not* have," had "*through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus*," and in answer to his parents' prayers, been given him, awakening from time to time a sense of responsibility to God, a consciousness of sin, and a desire for salvation. If through the righteousness of one the free gift comes upon *all* men (Rom. v. 18), to the children of godly parents, dedicated in baptism and trained in the ways of virtue, there is reason to believe it comes

with more than ordinary power and grace. To Mr. Price the promise, "*I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing on thine offspring,*" had been fulfilled. John, however, although interesting and amiable, remained a stranger to justifying grace until the year 1841, when the Wesleyan ministers of the Cardiff circuit visited Bridgend. With English Wesleyan Methodism this was "the day of small things." It is true Mr. Wesley had often preached there, as may be seen by a reference to his journals; a chapel had been erected, and a society formed, to which several men of considerable influence belonged, viz., Messrs. Redwood, Horsman, Williams, Bevan, &c. The late venerable and much-esteemed William Pearson once rode from Brecon to Bridgend to attend a district meeting, his *circuit* at that time stretching from Llanelly, in Caermarthenshire, to Monmouth.

The English society, however, had died out, and in the year 1834, when Robert Price came and settled in the town, as a tanner, entering into partnership with his brother Philip in that branch of manufacture, it had no existence. Robert had been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ at Lantwit, under the ministry of Mr. Pearson, and was

making his first essays as a local preacher. He felt a laudable desire to revive English Methodism in the town, especially as there was no English service on a Sabbath evening in church or chapel, and a considerable number of the inhabitants did not understand Welsh. But the chapel erected in the days of Mr. Wesley had fallen into the hands of the Welsh, who could be induced, for a few times only, to allow its use for an English service. This proved providential, for had permission been extended, no effort would have been at that time put forth to secure an English chapel, and the influence of the English society would have been painfully restricted.

Robert Price found a relic of the early English society in a good old woman named Nancy Lewis, and with her, an aunt, and one or two others, he began. His brother Philip, several years previous to this, while residing in Bristol, had attended the Moravian chapel, where, under the ministry of the late *Rev. Christian Frederick Ramftler*, he experienced the saving power of the grace of God, and became a member of that branch of the Christian Church. Seeing, however, the improbability of a church of his choice ever being formed at Bridgend, feeling most naturally a strong attachment

to the church of his ancestors, and knowing how seasonable and important his assistance would be at that time to the infant cause, he joined his brother, and took a leading part in organizing the movement then being made for the re-establishment of English Wesleyan Methodism in the town. A room was taken and fitted up for public service near the town-hall, but, in consequence of the sale of the property, they were obliged speedily to leave it. They then removed to a room in the residence connected with the tanyard, and were regularly visited by the ministers of the Cardiff circuit.

The names of Messrs. Pratten Boyd, J. Smith, Osborn, Webb, and Shelton are gratefully remembered. But it was in the year 1841, under the ministry of the Revs. J. Rossell and H. M. Harvard, that a most gracious and memorable work began. The room soon became "too strait" for the people who flocked to hear the Word of Life, and they sighed for enlargement. A chapel was needed, but almost insuperable difficulties stood in the way. To obtain a suitable site and sufficient funds were the desiderata. "*Prayer was made by the Church unto God,*" and faith, after having been severely tested, triumphed. The cloud broke, darkness was

made light, and to their great joy they found themselves, through the kindness of the Earl of Dunraven, in possession of the freehold of a most eligible spot. On July 20, 1842, the foundation-stone was laid by WATKIN MORGAN, Esq., of Swansea; and on June the 1st of the following year the house was formally and solemnly dedicated to the worship of the Triune God, the services being conducted by the Revs. S. D. now Dr. Waddy, J. T. Milner, and Thomas Jones. This was a work on which the Lord smiled. "The set time to favour Zion was come; for His servants took pleasure in her *stones*, and favoured the *dust* thereof."

Having brought their tithes into His storehouse and proved Him therewith, the Lord opened the windows of heaven and poured out such a blessing that there was not room to receive it. As the house of God daily rose, so almost daily were "living stones" added to the spiritual temple. A number of choice young men were brought to God, some of whom have since been called to fill important spheres of usefulness in both hemispheres. We might mention among others, Edward John, William, and John* Price, of Lantwit, Charles Bassett, William Price, and John, the

* Appendix, p. 193.

subject of these pages. One of the most remarkable features of this work was its depth and genuineness. Not *one* of all who then united themselves to the English Wesleyan society has fallen away. Several have finished their course and obtained the prize, while several others are pressing hard towards it.

JOHN PRICE was at this time about sixteen years of age, and was regarded by the older members of this new-born society, as the "*lamb*" of the flock. We wish we could give in his own words the particulars of his conversion. If the explorist, after having traced for many a weary mile the windings of some majestic river, has, on reaching its source, leaped for joy, how much more pleasing to be able to mark the first gushings-forth of a life which flowed on for the space of twenty years with so much beauty and blessing. But this pleasure is denied us. This much, however, we *do* know, that it was not in the "wind," nor in the "earthquake," nor in the "fire," that the Lord spoke to him, but in "*a still small voice.*" Lydia, "whose heart the Lord opened," and not the Jailor, trembling, falling down, and crying out, was the type of his conversion. A sense of sin he had, but it was so associated with the sight of the Saviour,

that he scarcely knew which prevailed. When he heard others speak of the "sorrows of death," and "the pains of hell," he confessed himself a stranger to such feelings. "*Yet, I do know,*" he would say, "*that my heart is changed.*" Who, we ask, that ever knew him, could doubt this? If sweetness of temper, purity of conversation, ardent and ceaseless love to the souls of men, and a readiness for every good work, within the limits of his ability, are proofs of a renewed heart, then he had one.

Too much importance is often attached to the circumstances of conversion, and too little to its legitimate fruits. It is no less true of Christ's followers, than of His foes, "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*" "*This is the love of God,*" or the best evidence of it, "*that ye keep His commandments.*"

How must the hearts of the pious pair at Lantwit have leaped for joy when the tidings came that their latest and much-loved John had found the Lord Jesus, and in connection with his three elder brothers, taken upon himself a profession of His name! How many prayers saw they answered in that event; and what an augury to them of good, for time and for eternity! Having

now taken upon himself a profession of Christ, he was anxious to "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith he was called." Diligently attending the public and private means of grace, he grew not only "in wisdom and stature," but in "favour with God and men." Having his name "written among the living in Jerusalem," he "loved the gates of Zion" more than the ordinary walks of life. "*Planted in the house of the Lord*," he "*flourished in the courts of our God.*" Embracing every opportunity of waiting upon God, the dews of heaven distilled upon his soul, so that he "*grew as the lily*," beautiful and fragrant, casting forth at the same time "*his roots as Lebanon.*"

Naturally amiable and obliging, Divine grace gave an additional *charm* to all his movements, so that he soon became a favourite with all who knew him. Favoured with a voice remarkable for its sweetness, and having learned the art of singing from a child, this became a most pleasurable exercise, and rendered him no small acquisition to those on whom it devolved to conduct that part of Divine Worship in the English Wesleyan Chapel. That he might "*sing with the understanding*," as well as "*with the spirit*," he carefully applied himself to the study of music, until it grew into a passion, and rendered him, until the

:e, an especial favourite with all the lovers song who came within the circle of his ıce. Having "chosen" the "good part," the feet of Jesus, emulous to learn the grace, and was never found among the ss and gay, but was a "companion of them d the Lord." Never was he seen "walking ınsel of the ungodly," nor standing "in the ıners," nor "sitting in the seat of the scorn- his delight was "in the law of the Lord, and e meditated day and night;" He was there- :e a tree planted by the rivers of water, ingeth forth his fruit in his season." Though years, he had more than leaf or bloom, he it," and just such fruit as a youth devoted to God might be expected to bear. He was neither a trimmer nor an idler in religion, but diligently set his heart to do the work and will of God. "The love of Christ constrained" him; it took hold of his entire nature, intellectual and emotional, so that he "judged as well as felt "that if one died for all," then they that live should not live unto themselves, but "unto Him who died for them and rose again."

Many we have seen to start in the Christian life of stronger and more varied mental endowments than

John Price, and with equal religious advantages; but ere they had proceeded far, some false one met them in the way, to whose flattering counsels they listened, and forsaking the "way of righteousness," fell "into temptation and a snare, into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which pierced them through with many sorrows."

Let no one suppose that such a relapse is at all necessary. "GOD *is able to make all grace to abound*," even "towards" young persons, so that instead of falling from their "own steadfastness" they may "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," as was the case with our young friend.

Under what particular forms evil presented itself to his mind, what he found to be his most "easily besetting sin," what scenes of spiritual conflict he passed through, as the depths of his own heart were opened up to him, we have not the means of knowing. That he experienced all these, in common with others, we have no doubt. Far be it from us to insinuate that he was not a man of like passions with ourselves, or that he was not tempted in all points as others are. But putting on the "*whole armour of God*," he was "*able to withstand in the*

evil day." Those who knew him best, having had daily opportunities of watching his life, can bear testimony that no disposition to draw back was ever betrayed by him. "Looking to Jesus," he ran, "with patience, the race that was set before" him.

CHAPTER III.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL—RESIDENT MINISTERS—CHARACTER.

> Labours of good to man,
> Unpublished charity, unbroken faith,
> Love that 'midst grief began
> And grew with years, and faltered not in death.

PREVIOUSLY to the resuscitation of English Wesleyan Methodism in Bridgend, there was no English Sunday-school in the town, while those of the Welsh were in a very languid condition. No sooner, however, had the young men aforementioned "tasted the word of God" than they longed to bring others into the possession of the "same like precious faith," and to accomplish this they resolved on forming a Sunday-school. Knowing that the young are most susceptible of good, that the boys and girls around them would in a few years be beyond their reach, and that parents are often influenced for good through their children, they seized the opportunity and opened a

school in the room on the Rhiew. This aroused the attention of others, a healthful emulation was called forth, which has resulted in an incalculable amount of good. There are now, in addition to the Wesleyan school, one belonging to the Established Church, and one conducted by the English Baptists, while the Welsh schools were never so vigorous and flourishing as at present. That Sunday-schools have been mighty means of moral enlightenment and elevation will be doubted by few. Those who still doubt ought to visit such portions of our rural and city populations as have not yet been favoured with Sunday-school instruction, and they will soon be cured of their scepticism.

Whether ROBERT RAIKES founded the first Sunday-school in this kingdom is not clear. All, however, will admit that, on account of the interest he took in such institutions he is now deservedly ranked among the "eminent philanthropists" of this country. Yet, who will say that Sunday-schools have been so productive of good as they might have been? There are not a few, which, to this day, are all but powerless; and why? Simply because they are improperly conducted.

Those who formed the first English Sunday-school

in Bridgend were exceedingly anxious so to conduct it that the great end of its establishment might be realized—nor were they disappointed. It may not be out of place here to give the general principles which they adopted and endeavoured to carry out. They were the following :—

"1. This school shall be strictly a *religious institution* for the Christian instruction of the children of the poor, as it is only on this ground that the occupation of the Lord's day in tuition can be held to consist with the due observance of the Christian Sabbath.

"2. It shall be so managed as not to interfere further than is absolutely necessary with the primary and universal duties of the holy Sabbath, and in particular with the *constant attendance* of teachers and children on public worship.

"3. On the same ground of vigilant concern for the best interests both of children and teachers, the bustle and secularity of mere school business shall be avoided as far as possible, and the spiritual object of the institution carefully kept in mind."

How faithfully and energetically these important principles were carried out may be inferred from a report, evidently in the handwriting of Mr. John

Price, which was read at the annual meeting in the town-hall, in the year 1846, four years after its formation. It says:—"The great objects contemplated in the formation of this school were the *religious instruction* and *conversion* of the children. Teaching the children to read is regarded *only* as a *means* of promoting this end. So fully are we impressed with the importance of seeking the conversion and early piety of the children, that, besides the frequent instruction and *appeal* of the teachers in their ordinary course, the rules of the school enjoin that a certain time be occupied by each teacher in the work of *direct conversation with their scholars as to the value and blessedness of true religion to them.* We could not conscientiously occupy the sacred hours of the Sabbath in teaching the *mere art of reading*, were there not a great religious object in view, viz., the *salvation of souls.*"

The number had now increased from thirty to one hundred and fifty. A deep impression had been made by the sudden death of one of the children, while in the course of the year three others had died in Christian hope.

In the year 1847, an Educational Commission of Inquiry was appointed by the Government, and Mr.

Lingen, the present Secretary to the Privy Council Office, visited, among many other schools in Wales, that at Bridgend. As such a witness cannot be regarded as partial or interested, a few extracts from his report may be valued. After giving a most minute description of the working of the school, he says:—"By *religious* instruction is meant a more familiar and colloquial intercourse between the teacher and his class on religious subjects than is the case in catechetical instruction. In four classes which I passed by, while this part of the instruction was going forward, I heard one teacher explaining to his class that God is a God of truth, giving them short and simple proofs of various things stated in the Bible, such as the fall of man—his corruption and misery—the deluge, and so forth. Another was impressing his pupils with the consideration that 'we must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ,' *every one of us*, in an *earnest manner*, making them feel that this is not an abstract truth, but a *personal concern*. A third was warning a boy who was not taking good ways. A fourth* was speaking on the importance of giving our first days to God, while our minds are yet undis-

* Mr. John Price.

turbed by the cares of life. This is the only Sunday-school in Bridgend, with the exception of the Church Sunday-school, which is conducted in English. When they have established a lending library, which is in contemplation, in connection with this school, it will be one of the best Sunday-schools I have seen in my district."

That a school conducted on such principles and pervaded with such a spirit of earnest piety should prove a nursery to the church and the means of spiritual good to many, is not surprising—would that all our Sunday-schools were like it. Into this work our young friend John Price entered most heartily.

In the room on the Rhiew he worked as a junior teacher, and when in the new chapel the school assumed larger dimensions, he took a more prominent position, and wielded a more powerful influence.

The erection of a chapel, so neat and commodious, raised Bridgend at once to the second place in importance in the Cardiff circuit, and entitled it to become the residence of the second minister. Accordingly the Conference of the following year directed that the Rev. John Fletcher should reside there. The appointment was a most suitable one, his effective ministrations and wise counsels being at that period

most valuable. His name is still affectionately remembered by many in Bridgend.

Mr. Fletcher was succeeded by the Rev. W. Davison, who by his amiable disposition and varied talents endeared himself to all who knew him. He had recently married Miss Shum, of Bath, who since then has "crossed the flood."* In all the circuits he has since taken, and they have been among the most important in the connexion, he has been most deservedly esteemed and loved—and in no place more sincerely than at Bridgend. To these excellent ministers the admirable organization of the Bridgend Sunday-school is largely to be attributed.

And here we are reminded of the importance of a good beginning. How many similar institutions have proved powerless for good because at the very commencement they fell into defective hands. The newly-formed society at Bridgend furnished the best

* "Mrs. Davison," writes a friend, "was, during her residence in Bridgend, a most laborious and faithful Sunday-school teacher, and unremitting in her attentions to the sick and poor. Mr. Davison, for some time after he came, suffered so severely from pulmonary disease, that his medical attendant cherished scarcely any hope of his recovery. He was however raised up, and that in answer to the earnest and believing prayers of the church."

possible material, and of that the best possible use was made.

The Rev. W. Davison, who watched with interest and admiration the deep piety and growing zeal of Mr. John Price, speaks of him in the following terms:—

"He was a young man whom it was impossible not to love. His sincere and active piety was connected with so much modesty, gentleness, humility, and sweetness of deportment, that he needed but to be known to be regarded with affection. The remembrance of his *pleasant voice* in the songs of Zion, which his musical taste enabled him efficiently to use, is with me at this moment. More than fifteen years have passed since I left Bridgend, and I have scarcely seen him since that time, but my recollection of him is most vivid and affectionate. The Sabbath-school was a field of service for which he was eminently fitted, and in which he took much pleasure. Though at that time a very young man, he held an influential position in the school, and was devoted to his work. His whole demeanour was suited to recommend religion, particularly to the young; for while there was the gravity of an earnest Christian, there was no approach to gloom. His

spirit was *serene* and *joyous*, while his *beaming face* and entire deportment seemed a continual comment on the words, '*Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.*'"

Mr. John Price looked for fruit, and found it—many we know will be coming forth in the day of the Lord Jesus as his "joy and crown of rejoicing." It would be easy to multiply testimonies from those who sat at his feet. A lad who had been a member of his little class for some years, wrote him as follows: "I feel sorry to leave Bridgend. It is the dearest place to me on earth. When I think of past times I feel sad that I am so far away. Old times and scenes rush to my mind. The pleasure I felt, the counsels I received, still occupy a place within me. I often think of your little class; 'twas there I first met in class, 'twas there I first drew nigh to the throne of grace in public, and learned many lessons which I trust I shall never forget."

What an example may young persons, especially the children of pious parents for whom so many prayers are offered and tears shed, and who are the objects of deep solicitude to Christian ministers, see here. Instead of filling the minds of his parents with an anguish which no earthly comfort or consideration

could assuage by a life of base ingratitude and reckless profligacy, they regarded him as one of Heaven's best gifts, and blessed the day that he was born. While to him it was in after days a source of no small comfort to be able to stand on their graves and say, "Here lie parents whose authority I never resisted, and whose minds I never willingly grieved." Who can say from what mental misery, social discomfort, and physical suffering, he was saved by an early dedication of himself to God?

There was not, as may be supposed, very much of incident in his life, and especially at this period. Living in his brother Philip's family, surrounded by pious relatives, furnished with every means of mental and moral improvement, he "held on the even tenor of his way." Each day found him behind the counter, and each night either alone with God and His Word, or in some public or social means of grace.

CHAPTER IV.

1848.

VISITS LONDON—ISLE OF WIGHT—DIARY.

Behold the happy man, his face is ray'd with pleasure,
His thoughts are of calm delight,
And none can know his blessedness.
I have watched him from his infancy,
Yet never have I noted on his brow
The cloud of desponding sorrow.

MR. JOHN PRICE had, for some time, fulfilled the term of his apprenticeship; he had fully secured the confidence of his brother, who, having other engagements, left the business very much in his hands. He had taken a deep interest in every department of the work of God in connection with the English Wesleyan Society in Bridgend, and had acquainted himself with the various advances which were being made on the kingdom of darkness by the church at large, through the agency of Missionary, Bible, Tract, and other kindred societies, so that he longed to spend a

week in London during the anniversaries of these societies in the month of May. This was felt to be desirable, also, on account of his health, as rigid attention to business had evidently affected his constitution. That he might the more profitably review the scenes and circumstances through which he might be called to pass during his absence, he dotted down the various incidents of the journey. From these "dottings" we learn that he left Bridgend April 28th, 1848, enjoyed the drive to Cardiff, had a most pleasant passage across the Severn, was charmed with the view he obtained of the Welsh Hills, and especially with the beautiful banks of the Avon. Having reached Bristol, he visited Langton-street Chapel in company with Mr. and Mrs. Mayer, and took tea with the ministers of the circuit, the Revs. J. Hall and J. Carr, whose spiritual and instructive conversation greatly delighted him. Before he retired to rest, he reviewed the day and wrote thus:—

"I must not forget to record my gratitude and praise to the Father of mercies for His protection and goodness to me. This my first day from home has been crowned with many mercies, and I am laid under great obligation to love and serve Him." The following day he reached the metropolis in time to visit

the Polytechnic, where he heard a lecture on Electricity, notes of which he took ; and was greatly charmed with the music and dissolving views. The long anticipated Sabbath came, when he found his way to Southwark Chapel, where he heard Dr. Hannah and the Rev. W. Arthur preach. From the copious notes he took of each sermon, those who knew him will judge with what eager interest he drank in the word of life.

On the following day he mingled with the multitude which crowded Exeter Hall, and listened to masterly addresses from Dr. Urwick, of Dublin, and Mr. now Dr. Waddy. He attended also the Bible Society and Sunday School Union Anniversaries, and was charmed with the eloquence of Canon Stowell and others. He saw also "The Coliseum," Madame Tussaud's lifelike representations of celebrated men, the Tower, Greenwich and Woolwich, the Thames Tunnel, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and St. Paul's Cathedral ; and endeavoured to draw as much instruction as possible from the whole. He found it necessary, however, to "*keep his heart with all diligence*," lest what he saw and heard should damp the ardour of his love to God ; hence we find him sitting down at

the close of one of these exciting days to "mark the decay or growth" of his soul in grace. "I find," says he, "that all this *excitement* is not congenial to my growth in grace; I have not that *warmth* of love and humble dependence on God and its consequent happiness, which I had when I left home and during the first part of my journey. I see the proneness of my heart to forget God, and become so engrossed with temporal things as to lose sight of those which are eternal."

The following extracts will show how he prepared for and enjoyed his second Sabbath in the "great city." Nor was he intent on enjoyment only, but strove to be useful to those around him:—

"April 6th.—I attended Divine Service at St. Paul's, and was pleased with the singing, although not equal to that of Westminster Abbey. A young man lodging here went with me to the Pantheon, with whom I had some interesting conversation. He is a Protestant Irishman, and seems open to conviction, but strongly prejudiced against the Wesleyans, who he says are denounced by the Irish clergymen. I hope to take him to-morrow with me to chapel—probably for the first time in his life. O may the Divine Spirit accompany the word to his heart, and make me an

instrument of good to his soul! And now I feel the need of a preparedness of heart for the approaching Sabbath.

"April 7th.—I heard the Rev. J. Lomas preach in Jewin-street Chapel—an intelligent congregation only could appreciate his sermon. I then walked to Moorfields Catholic Chapel, and was grieved at the ceremonies and mummeries of the priests. After dinner I went to St. Paul's, where the singing was beautiful, and I heard a truly evangelical sermon, delivered extempore by, I believe, a good man, from '*What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?*' He showed sin to be useless and ruinous, insisted on the necessity of conversion, faith in Christ, the work of the Spirit, and holiness of life. I was much pleased to hear a Gospel sermon there. Having taken tea, I started for Hoxton to hear Rev. J. Rattenbury. What a delightful sermon! and what a delightful man! I quite admire his sweet impressive manner. His text was, '*This man receiveth sinners.*' He spoke of the Receiver, the received, the reception. I have led a young man to chapel to-day who never before had been in such a place. O that what he has heard may be fixed on his memory and be made a blessing to his soul! On

my return I was much struck with the following remarks from an old gentleman who had been to church that evening: 'We are saved by *grace freely*, by *Christ meritoriously*, by *faith instrumentally*, and by *works evidentially*.' O that what I have this day heard may bring forth fruit to the glory of God! I want more love, more simplicity and godly sincerity, and to be delivered from the pride of my sinful nature."

On May 10th he left the din and dust of London for the more congenial scenery and society of the Isle of Wight. Under the hospitable roof of his intelligent and aged friend Mr. Thomas Claxton, of Madeira Vale, Bonchurch, he found for a few days an interesting and happy home. The lovely "Isle" had just put on her loveliest dress, and scenery the most romantic and gorgeous spread itself out in every direction. Nor was it lost on him. That God who had given him an ear so exquisite for the music of earth, had also given him an eye for its beauties. Divine grace, so far from closing up the sensibilities of his soul, wonderfully opened and improved them, so that he felt a refined pleasure in gazing on the works of God, which he otherwise could never have realized.

Those who knew him best will be able to appreciate the delight with which he mounted the hills, inhaled the fragrant air, and strolled along the beautiful walks of the "Undercliff," where *Royalty* itself has so often sought repose and health from the corroding cares of Court life. He looked abroad on those "lovely fields of nature," made still more lovely by the art of man, "and called the delightful scenery all his own. His were the mountains, and the valleys his, and the resplendent rivers—his, with a propriety which none" could question, for "his Father made them all." His own words are—"I was never so much pleased with any scenery as with this—it is so varied, so grand, the more I gaze upon it the more I admire it. I have much to be thankful for—I am daily laden with benefits."

"14th.—I attended chapel this morning and evening, and was pleased with the services, having been quickened and renewed.

"15th.—I made a kite for Mrs. Fidler's little boys, and had a bathe. God has given me this day some pleasing, though humbling views of self. O that I knew more of Him, whom to know is eternal life. I ought to read more.

"17th.—I have this day enjoyed communion with

the Father and the Son, and have been favoured with interesting views of the atonement. I do acquiesce in the plan of salvation, and rely only on Jesus for acceptance.

"21st.—I attended chapel and heard Mr. Moore preach two impressive sermons from James ii. 18—20, and John iii. 7. I have this day been favoured with many blessings. Bless the Lord, O my soul. May the Holy Spirit 'guide me into all truth,' and 'sanctify me wholly!'

"28th.—I went to St. Lawrence's Church,* and heard a good sermon. How many blessings do I enjoy, and yet how ungrateful is my heart. May the Lord enlighten my understanding, so that I may know the things which belong to my peace, and glorify Him with my body and spirit, which are His!

"30th.—I accompanied Mr. Claxton to St. Catherine's Down, from which I could see the greater part of the 'Isle.' The scenery all along was exceedingly grand. I felt on my return, that I had right views of myself, that all my hope is in the atonement of Christ. I am a sinful creature, and all the blessings I receive are of *God's free, unmerited grace.*

* The smallest church in Great Britain, being 25 feet by 11.

"June 3rd.—A delightfully fine Sabbath morning. I attended chapel and heard Rev. W. Hessell preach from Gal. iv. 6: 'And because ye are sons,' &c. That we might enjoy this privilege, he observed, is the design of the atonement. This is the common privilege of believers—the direct witness of the Spirit, a Divine persuasion of God's love to us. The relation into which we are brought by the 'adoption of sons' is intimate, happy, and exalted; such being no longer in bondage as servants, but blest with the liberty of children, happy in the bonds of paternal affection. On the whole it has been a good day, though I have much to lament over, in consequence of wandering thoughts in God's house, lurkings of pride and self. I will praise God for the grace bestowed on me, and for the comfort and peace I enjoy. O that the impressions which have been made this day on my mind may be lasting, and as it is my privilege through the precious death and intercession of Jesus to enjoy the 'witness of the Spirit,' may I ever be assured of God's paternal love to me."

June 6th, he left the Isle of Wight for Newbury, to spend a few days with some other friends of his. Here he pursued the same peaceful, pious course, entering freely into conversation with those around

him on religious and general subjects, visiting the Sunday-school, singing as he was wont the sweet songs of Zion, and exercising over his heart a godly jealousy, "lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty," his mind "should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ."

To some who may read these pages it may be a matter of surprise that one in whom humility was so conspicuous a grace, should so often refer to the uprisings of pride. But why should it be? That grace which led him so habitually to "clothe" himself "with humility" would lead him also quickly to detect and promptly to repress the first motions of pride. Had he yielded to those motions in the heart, their effects would soon have appeared in his life. It is not at all improbable that the "adversary who walketh about seeking whom he may" first decoy and then "devour," and who is more fully acquainted with our weaknesses than we imagine, knew that this was Mr. John Price's vulnerable point. To such sins as drunkenness, blasphemy, and uncleanness it is difficult to think SATAN himself had *audacity* enough to tempt him; but to vanity, on account of his sweet-toned voice and musical taste, by which every circle he entered was charmed, he would, through the tongue

of flattering friends, endeavour to seduce him. Alas! how many less gifted than he have fallen into this "condemnation," and permitted "music's charms to bewitch and steal their hearts away from God." Happily for him, he was able, through the abounding grace of God, to quench every fiery dart of the Wicked One.

"June 11th.—I have again been favoured with the privilege of attending God's house. I have felt much since I have been from home of the pride of my own heart. I have found it to be 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' and that there is much in me of the 'carnal mind.' The spirit of the world is prejudicial to the spirit of piety. I have not that spirit of prayer and dependence on God which I had when I left home, so that I have fresh need of humility before God and of the atoning blood of Christ. O Lord, pardon and deliver me from the power of my sins, for Christ's sake."

On the Sabbath before he left Newbury, he heard two useful and practical sermons by Mr. Idcott, after which he received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which he greatly enjoyed.

On the following day he left for Bath, where he was kindly received by his former pastor and friend,

the Rev. W. Davison. He called also on Mr. Shum, with whom he spent the night. Here also he formed acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Nash, of London, two deeply pious Christians, whose lives were devoted to the service of God, and the good of men. In their company he returned to Cardiff, and the next day reached Bridgend, having been absent about six weeks.

What benefit this tour proved to his health or to the improvement of his mind—how much useful knowledge he gathered up, and what use he made of it, cannot now be ascertained. It is evident, however, from the above extracts, that he became more deeply acquainted with the workings and windings of his own heart, and the "deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil." Well for him, that before he left home his heart had been "established with grace," or he might have been led away from the path of virtue.

How many youths, with no higher aim than that of seeing the world as seen in London, have rued the day they ever visited it! It was to them the commencement of a downward course which they have never been able to retrace. Gladly would they forget this portion of their history, but memory, ofttimes treacherous, becomes tenacious here. "Wherewithal

shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy word." By this and other divinely appointed means, Mr. J. Price was not only "kept back from presumptuous sins," but cleansed himself also from "secret faults." Soon after his return, we find him adopting the following excellent rules of Dr. Edward Payson:—

I.—To do nothing of which I doubt in any degree the lawfulness.

II.—To consider everything as unlawful which indisposes me for prayer, and interrupts my communion with God.

III.—Never to go into any company, business, or situation, in which I cannot conscientiously ask and expect the Divine presence.

CHAPTER V.

BRIDGEND A CIRCUIT—THOUGHTS OF PREACHING.

My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
Still let me live to preach thy Word,
Still let me to Thy glory live,
My every sacred moment spend
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

By the Conference of this year, Bridgend was constituted the head of a circuit, its minister changing with those of Cardiff once in six weeks. This was felt to be desirable in consequence of its distance from Cardiff, but particularly so on account of the large populations in the neighbourhood, into which it was important that English Methodism should be introduced. The Rev. James Mayer was placed in charge of the circuit, whose ministry was both attractive and edifying. To Mr. John Price we have reason to believe it was especially so.

Sept. 11th, he says, "Once more I have been permitted to renew my connection with the Church of Christ, and to receive suitable advice from Mr. Mayer. O that the end of my existence and of my union with the Church of God may be fully answered! May the coming quarter be memorable in my own personal history, and also in that of the society with which I am connected."

The year 1848 rolled round, and the new year came, on the first Sabbath of which he was found, as usual, "receiving with meekness the engrafted word," and earnestly engaged in various "labours of love." Praise for the past and hope for the future gladdened the day. At the close of it he wrote thus: "Blessed be God I can still say, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.' The Lord is faithful—a present help in time of trouble."

On this day the Sunday-school, which had been conducted in the chapel, was removed to a commodious building in Oldcastle, in which a day-school has also been for several years conducted. The usual course of instruction was set aside, and the afternoon was spent in fervent and believing prayer. The presence and power of God was present consecrating the place, and many felt confident that of the

plain and homely building which they occupied that day for the first time, it would be said in the day of the Lord, "*This and that man were born there.*"

From that day scarcely a single Sabbath has passed but the Word of God, the true, immortal seed, has been sown within its walls; and although much has without doubt fallen by the wayside, not a little has fallen into "good and honest hearts," and is bearing fruit to the praise of God. Many who received their first deep impressions of eternal things in that place are now walking in the fear of the Lord, and filling important posts in the church on earth, while not a few have finished their course, and are before the throne. The happy spirit of our dear departed friend mingling with those with whom he prayed and wept on earth, is better able than we are to trace the effect of those intercessions which were put forth that afternoon on behalf of the Sabbath-school.

After these introductory services he went forth to visit the sick and the poor, enjoying the presence and blessing of Him who will say, "*Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my little ones, ye did it unto Me.*" "May I," said he, "have grace to act out every good impression made on my mind with promptitude, and in humble dependence

on God's blessing." This happy Sabbath was closed by hearing a sermon by Mr. Mayer from Heb. xi. 4, "By faith Abel offered a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." The renewal of the covenant, according to Methodist usage, and the Lord's Supper followed, of which he says, "A most delightful service. I have solemnly dedicated myself to God in Christ, to be saved by Him alone. O may I henceforth fully live to Him!"

"Jan. 14th.—I drove Mr. Mayer to Cowbridge, and heard him preach from Rom. viii. 28. I greatly enjoyed the sermon. In the afternoon I went into the Sunday-school and addressed the children, but found it extremely difficult, not being able to fix my mind at the time on any subject. Had I given myself to prayer, I believe I should have received help from God. It certainly teaches me a lesson of humility. In the evening we drove to Lantwit, where I saw my dear mother, who is extremely ill. My prayer is, that if it be the Divine will to take her, she may be fully sanctified and made meet for heaven.

"28th.—I have been favoured with the means of grace. Heard two excellent sermons from Psalm xvi. 8, '*I have set the Lord always before me;*' and Acts vii. 55, '*But he, being full of the Holy*

Ghost.' O that I may emulate the character of Stephen and be full of the Holy Ghost! After the service I found it profitable to retire for prayer."

From various entries in Mr. J. Price's diary it is evident that his mind about this time became anxiously exercised on the subject of preaching. He felt a longing desire to be useful in the Church of Christ; he saw with deep yearnings of soul his neighbours lying "in wickedness;" he knew the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and how suited and sufficient the Gospel is to the wants of all, but was not certain that the pulpit was his place. He prayed earnestly for Divine direction, and sought advice from those who were over him in the Lord. His will was in deep subjection to the will of God, so that there can be no doubt but in this particular also he was "guided in judgment," and led into the way he should go. As he moved onward in the Christian life he became increasingly convinced that in other departments of the church he was to find his appropriate sphere of usefulness, and in this, all who knew him fully concurred.

When Alexander Mather first opened his mind to Mr. Wesley on the subject of preaching, he was told that that was a "temptation common to young

men," which was no small discouragement to the intrepid Mather. Never, perhaps, was there a time when this country was more in need of earnest men to preach the Gospel, and no man was more anxious to employ and direct such men than John Wesley. But he was fully aware how possible it was for young men to be misled on this subject by their feelings or by injudicious friends, so as to regard every impulse of a benevolent kind as a call to the sacred office of the Christian pastorate. Hence he cautiously encouraged those who came to him, advising them carefully to weigh their motives, and seek for satisfactory evidence both in gifts and fruit of their being called of God. The temptation is still common to pious, earnest young men, and many, for want of proper advice or through the promptings of injudicious friends, have fallen into it, losing thereby their own proper place in the Church of Christ, and becoming little less than an infliction on those who have had to listen to them. Mr. John Price was happily saved from this. "Acknowledging God in all his ways," his steps were directed not into the *pulpit*, where he would evidently have been out of his place, but into other departments of the work of the Lord, where his influence was powerfully felt, and

all the talents entrusted to his care brought into full and vigorous exercise.

Jan. 28th, he writes thus: "During another week I have been kept from presumptuously sinning against God. I have been blest with the privilege of attending all the services of the sanctuary, but I do not come up to the *standard* I have set before my own mind of the *happiness* of the Sabbath. I wish to become more spiritually-minded, to walk more closely with God, and live in the spirit of prayer all the day, receiving out of 'His fulness grace for grace.' I do not deserve the least of His mercies, yet, relying on the merits of Jesus, I am accepted. O that the love of God may be more fully shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost which is given me, and that I may be directed in the way He would have me go! *If it be His will* that I should call sinners to repentance, I trust He will qualify me for the work."

Feb. 24th, he again visited his dear MOTHER, whose dissolution was evidently fast approaching, and whose peaceful spirit, renewed in holiness, was awaiting its summons to depart to be with Christ. Converted to God early in life, she had maintained a blameless walk for many years. Her joy in the

Holy Ghost sometimes rose even to rapture. This visit of her youngest and devoted son was one of great interest and deep feeling. He tells us that "a flood of light and love broke in upon his soul;" he "had enlarged views of the love of God in Christ, and a *power* to meditate on some portions of God's Word which" he "never felt before. I felt encouraged to commence preaching, and thought of the poor fishermen whom Christ called to be Apostles, and that if it be His will I should engage therein, He can qualify me also, for 'in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'"

From this time no entry was made in his diary until Sept. 15, 1850. Previously to this date Mr. Mayer had closed his labours in the circuit, and the Rev. John Spenser Jones was appointed by the Conference to succeed him. All who know Mr. Jones will not feel surprised that the whole circuit regarded themselves as highly favoured in having such a minister appointed to reside and labour among them. He had already acquired considerable reputation as an accomplished, earnest, edifying, and useful minister of the Gospel. His sanctified intellect, amiable disposition, and deep piety greatly endeared him to many in all his former circuits, and

high expectation was cherished among the friends at Bridgend that his labours, supplemented by those of his excellent and devoted wife, would be made a great blessing.

Mr. John Price thus refers to the subject: "Through the mercy of God I have been kept from presumptuously sinning against the Lord, and on many occasions have had times of refreshing from His presence. I have this day sat under the ministry of the Rev. J. Spenser Jones, who preached two powerful sermons. I could wait upon God, and cast myself on his mercy in Christ Jesus. I have the desire of my heart in our minister—under a more Gospel ministry I could not wish to sit. I pray God to make him a blessing to my own soul, and especially to the church and the world. I do believe God is about to *revive* His work among us, and that *souls will be saved.* We had a delightful class-meeting after the service, and I feel determined to live to God.

"Sept. 22nd.—Through another week I have been preserved by the kind care of my Heavenly Father. While listening to an exhortation from my brother Robert on '*Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest,*' I felt that I do not sufficiently consider myself a 'stranger and sojourner.' My thoughts

are not so much in heaven as my 'rest' and future home as they should be. At school I impressed on the children of my class the necessity of giving their hearts to God in youth. I heard Mr. Jones preach an impressive sermon on 'LORD, WHAT IS MAN?' O that I may feel ever humble at the recollection of my littleness, ignorance, and sinfulness in the sight of God. Once more I received the '*dear memorials of my dying Lord*,' and made a fresh surrender of myself to His service.

"23rd.—I have felt some heavenly aspirations and sweet peace. I could not attend the society tea-meeting, but felt a oneness of spirit with those who were there. I have heard that all present enjoyed the meeting, and are looking forward to a revival of pure religion both in the town and country places. Mr. Jones suggested that all engage in prayer every morning at seven o'clock for the presence and power of the Holy Spirit with us. O that our prayers may be speedily answered.

"24th.—I accompanied Mr. Jones to Lantwit, and heard him preach from 2 Cor. iv. 7, '*Our light affliction.*' I trust that whatever affliction I may be called to pass through, I shall thereby be brought nearer to God, and as long as I am on

earth I shall 'look'—aim, not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. I enjoyed Mr. Jones's society much—there is no *show* either of piety or learning. He gave me good advice, which I hope to remember."

A Sunday-school conducted on the principles and pervaded with the spirit of that of Bridgend, could scarcely fail to become a blessing to those connected with it. Children to whom so many affectionate appeals were made, and for whom so many fervent prayers were daily offered, might be expected, sooner or later, to evince some spiritual concern. This was the case ; and that they might receive suitable advice, and by association strengthen each other, Mr. John Price requested them to remain after the school had closed.

On the first Sabbath of the year 1851, *six* lads gave in their names, to which a great many others have, from time to time, been added. To how many this class has proved a blessing will never be fully known until the secrets of eternity are disclosed. One testimony has already been given.* It would be easy to add others. The Rev. George S. Thomas,

* Page 30.

now in the Penrith circuit, in a letter thus touchingly refers to it: "Well, I often think of you, and the Sabbath-school, and the *little class*, and our singing, tea, and prayer meetings. These, my dear brother, were sunny spots in my journey homewards—scenes on which my soul often irresistibly dwells. Blessed days—they fill me with a kind of pleasing sadness. I am now moving in a different sphere, but am very, very happy." Another, who probably was one of the six who first composed the class—who grew up in the fear of God, became a local preacher, and afterwards removed to a distant part of the kingdom, in a letter to Mr. J. Price thus expressed his feelings:—"Often does my memory recur and cling to the many, many happy hours spent in those hallowed spots, to which we so frequently resorted to offer prayer and praise—when Heaven's richest blessings were poured into our souls, until we felt that the old place seemed sacred—'none other than the house of God and the very gate of heaven.' How often do I try to feel my former self—singing amidst life's cares, 'Childhood's years are passing o'er us, youthful days will soon be gone,' &c. In my imagination I often see the *happy circle* sitting around you on the Sabbath afternoon. From the influence brought to bear upon me *in your*

class, I feel better prepared to grapple with and overcome the difficulties which daily arise. My love to Christ and His cause is still the same. I have been encouraged in my preaching engagements by the assurance that in God's hands I have been the instrument of salvation to at least one promising young man. My text was, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'"

CHAPTER VI.

1852.

DIARY CONTINUED—NEW PLANS OF USEFULNESS.

> Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
> And in the morning what thou hast to do.
> Dress and undress thy soul.
> If with thy watch that too be down,
> Then wind up both. As thou shalt be
> Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

MAY 8th, he confesses to a neglect of his diary, and resolves to record more faithfully the dealings of God towards him.

He says, "This was a good day in the Sunday-school. The Lord was present, and many hearts were deeply affected at the account given of one who, some time since, on leaving our school, was presented with a hymn-book, and has recently died in hope at Cardiff. Several additional ones remained to the class. After the evening service, a love-feast was

held, when I was enabled to bear my testimony to the goodness and faithfulness of God. His work is deepening in my soul.

"May 16th.—I have not felt all that peace and joy I could wish, yet the Lord is blessing me. I visited dear brother DYER, who is 'quite on the verge of heaven.' He told us, 'that he was as happy as an angel.' 'O may I triumph so, when all my warfare is past,' &c. I visited him again on Friday, and at his earnest request, together with my brothers Philip, and Robert, and Edward John, partook with him of the Lord's Supper. It was indeed a time long to be remembered. How delightful to witness such a death-bed scene! He seemed full of heaven—bade us farewell, gave us his dying blessing, and encouraged us to labour on in the work of the Lord. On Saturday morning he died, leaving behind him a blessed testimony. 'Angels beckoned him away, and Jesus bade him come.'

"23.—The pulpit was occupied by Mr. Carr and Mr. A. At the school we had a good attendance, and several remained to class. The Lord, by His Spirit, is working on the minds of many of our scholars. There is every encouragement for us to labour on. Much success has already appeared—

great interest is felt by many in the things of God, and much sympathy is shown towards each other."

Having acquired a correct knowledge of music, and his own voice retaining its soft falsetto tones, he became a "*sweet singer in Israel*," and felt anxious to infuse a love of music into all the young persons under his influence. He regarded it as an important means of promoting the interests of the church, by rendering the house of God attractive. He believed, too, that music has a softening and elevating influence on the minds of young persons, preserving them from pursuits of a grosser kind, the tendency of which is to corrupt both mind and manners. At the same time he was awake to the temptations into which great lovers of music often fall; so he prepared an address for the young persons forming the choir of the English Wesleyan chapel, an outline of which has been found among his papers. He reminded them affectionately of the charges frequently brought against singers, viz., that they were a class most *difficult to please*—that they were *notoriously conceited*—that they seldom *agreed long with each other*—that they became exposed to *evil company*, and *often* fell into *drunkenness*. Against all these he felt most anxious to guard them. He

would have them regard a good voice and musical taste as the gifts of God, which, in His fear, should be diligently improved, and conscientiously used for His glory, and the benefit of others. How many were brought under his influence from no higher motive at first than to learn to sing, we cannot say; that some were there is no doubt; and while it would be going too far to say that no one thus brought ever lapsed into gross sin, yet the cases were extremely rare. Under the above date, he says, "The number of our singers is greatly on the increase, and most of them are members of our society. My prayer is that we may all be kept humble. I have need of much grace, for frequently am I tempted to glory in *self*. 'But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"30th.—I attended brother Dyer's funeral, and sorrowed, but not as one having no hope. I am determined to live for God. I visited two sick widows, and found it good to wait upon God. I am resolved also to attend the morning prayer-meeting. I see many young persons *growing up* around me, and I feel it important to set them an *example of self-denial*, and thus train them up to good habits.

"31st.—I attended class and felt the presence of

God—enjoying great peace and sweet communion with my Christian friends. 'Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.' God has placed me in a position of usefulness, but I can only *be useful* by receiving constant supplies of grace."

About this time the English Wesleyans of Bridgend, in addition to other means by which they endeavoured to benefit those around them, many of whom were living regardless of God and their own eternal interests, formed a TRACT SOCIETY. Whether it originated with our departed friend, or with some other person, is not clear, but in carrying it out he was first and foremost. Nor did he in this "work of faith" ever grow weary. As long as he was able to walk from door to door he took his district, and when failing health obliged him to leave Bridgend for Torquay, he took some thousands of these silent messengers with him, hoping thereby to benefit those whom he might meet in his walks. He found too that the regular distribution of tracts among his neighbours opened up another sphere of benevolent labour, viz., the visitation of the poor and afflicted, which only served to awaken his gratitude, as the following extract will show.

"June 6th.—After the service I again visited several sick widows. What a pleasure to be able to minister to the comfort and happiness of the poor—and how sweet to wait on God with them. Before the establishment of the Tract Society they were quite neglected, and but for *it*, I probably should not have known them." He might have added, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."—Job xxix. 11, 12.

He says, further, "The school is in an encouraging state—a religious element pervades it, and *twelve young persons*, several of whom are very promising, remained to the class."

From week to week he went on recording his sense of the Divine faithfulness and love, the delight he felt in associating with his brethren in the public and social means of grace, the deep interest he took in the young, and the conflicts he had with his own heart. All who knew him at this period—the position he held in the church of which he was a member, and the great respect which was shown him by persons of

influence in other churches—will not feel surprised that he should frequently complain in his diary of the uprisings of self, and the danger he was in of falling into the condemnation of the devil. But God gave him the constant victory. He was not a "babe in Christ," but a "young man," and therefore overcame the "wicked one." "Holding on his way, he waxed stronger and stronger."

At the Conference of this year the Revs. J. Lowthian and J. Bramley left the circuit, and were succeeded by the Rev. John Vanes. To the pleasure and profit with which our friend sat under Mr. Vanes's ministry testimony is borne in his journal.

"September 5th.—I have this day sat under the ministry of the Rev. John Vanes, who preached two powerful sermons from John xx. 25, and Hosea x. 12. I trust God will work with him and make him eminently useful in winning souls to Christ. I am full of hope that the Holy Spirit will be 'poured out' upon us.

"12th.—This has been a day of sore temptation. The enemy came in 'like a flood,' but 'the Spirit of the Lord' lifted 'up a standard against him.' I want so much of the power of religion that I shall not be influenced by others or by trifles. I wish only to

please God—having a single eye to His glory. O that 'the set time to favour Zion' were come! No fire kindled by myself will effect the work. The Spirit alone can do it, and to Him must all the glory be given. It seems to be the prayer of the church for a gracious outpouring of the Spirit. The truth is faithfully preached, and Jesus is held out as the only refuge of poor sinners."

Singing, if moderately indulged in, is no doubt a healthful exercise; instead of superinducing pulmonary disease, it prevents it; but to persons of delicate form, when carried beyond a certain point it has often proved injurious. Mr. Price might not have enjoyed a longer life had he never sung at all, but that his days were shortened by singing so much is the opinion probably of most of his friends. There is about this time an entry in his diary evidently showing that he was suffering from excessive exercise of this kind. He says, "My 'spirit is willing,' but 'the flesh is weak.' I sometimes *overdo it in singing*. I do not think I am called to *injure myself*, but it seems as if I cannot avoid it. Some might help me, but they are backward. I want great wisdom to guide me aright, that I 'may be sincere and without offence until the day of Christ.'"

CHAPTER VII.

1853.

DIARY CONTINUED—LABOURS OF LOVE—GROWTH IN GRACE.

> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

"JANUARY 16th.—I have to record the mercies of another year—a year of uninterrupted earthly comfort and many spiritual blessings. Having commenced a new year, I am resolved to cleave to God and His cause. To promote my advancement in religion and my usefulness in the church, I intend to devote myself to private prayer and closer study. I am full of shortcomings; I have no refuge but in Jesus, and Him crucified; to Him I flee for peace and comfort.

"February 6th.—How insensible am I to the goodness of God! My life ought to be made up of

praise, for 'the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places. I have a goodly heritage.'

> The richest blessings from above, encompass me around;
> And yet how few returns of love, hast Thou, my Father, found.

"For years the fear of the Lord—once slavish, but now filial—has been before my eyes, and this is the 'beginning of wisdom.' I am reminded in the death of Mr. Richards, which took place this morning, of the shortness of life and the value of genuine piety. His end was peace. The religion of Jesus supported him in life and in the trying hour of death. Every opportunity of getting and of doing good is passing swiftly away. The means of grace are daily becoming fewer. How important that we acquire that *deep-toned piety* to which we are called in the Gospel of Christ—the entire sanctification of body, soul, and spirit. This should be my first concern—not forgetting the souls of others—but sympathizing with the gracious designs of our Divine Saviour 'who will have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth.'

"14th.—I found the means of grace this day to be refreshing to my soul. I feel quickened in my desires to improve in knowledge and piety. Often have I resolved to be more diligent and prayerful,

but have failed to carry out my resolutions. If I would be a Christian *in business* as well as *out of it*, prayer is the element in which I must live.

"27th.—What a debtor am I to Divine grace! I have cause for ceaseless songs of praise, and continuous acts of faith and love. I have recently read Hamilton's "Life in Earnest," and have been greatly profited by its perusal. How exalted a character is the true Christian! I would aspire to be such in the true Scriptural sense. May the threefold principle be exemplified in me—'*Diligent in business; Fervent in spirit; Serving the Lord.*' Love to Christ is the purest, strongest principle, by which we can be influenced. O to be filled with love!

"March 20th.—I have again renewed my covenant at the Lord's Table; and I trust my future life will be more peaceful, prosperous, and useful. His grace is sufficient for me."

The thoughtful reader of these extracts can scarcely fail to admire the beautiful blending of *evangelical* and *practical* piety which runs through the whole. By not a few the doctrines of Wesleyanism have been regarded as strongly tinctured with Pharisaism—magnifying the importance of good works, and holding in reserve what are called the "*doctrines of grace.*"

By others the opposite charge has been repeatedly made, namely, that Christian experience is so much insisted on, and the "state of the mind" so particularly inquired into, as to overlook the genuine fruits of grace which a holy life can only satisfactorily set forth. In a word, that its tendency is towards *Antinomianism.* Were we to maintain that none of "*the people called Methodists*" have fallen into these extremes, we should speak unadvisedly; but it may be safely affirmed that it has not been in consequence of the teaching to which they have listened, but rather because of a departure from it.

Were we asked to furnish a living refutation of such charges, we should at once refer to the subject of these memoirs. From a child, Mr. J. Price listened to the teachings of Methodism—when yet young he united himself to the society—scarcely a Sabbath passed for twenty years without his hearing a Methodist sermon; his principal reading also was in that direction. He scarcely felt the influence of any other system. If, then, its tendency be either towards Pharisaism or Antinomianism, *he must have felt it.* But was ever any man more free from the one or the other? Who ever renounced self-confidence and self-righteousness more entirely than he, or more implicitly reposed on

the merits of Christ? And who was more uniformly "zealous of good works," proving the genuineness of his love to God by keeping His commandments? In him St. Paul and St. James were perfectly harmonized. The fact is, he heard the "truth as it is in Jesus," and instead of holding it in "unrighteousness," yielded himself up to its saving power, and by it was "made free" both from doctrinal and practical error. "Being justified by faith, he had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;" and not only so, but "the *love of God* was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost which was given to him," and *this* was ever moving him to deeds of love towards his fellow-men. Their *salvation* was laid upon his heart, so that he was ever meditating means to promote it.

About this time his hands seemed full of work, and all the intervals of business were filled up with some labour of love. With his work as Secretary, Teacher, and Class-leader, in the Sunday-school, his music lessons, tract distributing, and the visitation of the sick, his time and strength seemed fully taxed—so that he was a beautiful exemplification of the lines—

> Betwixt the mount and multitude,
> Our day is spent in doing good,
> Our night in praise and prayer.

Yet do we find him, under date of June 12th, saying, "We have scarcely any of the *poor* among us. Something must be done to reach them by way of cottage prayer-meetings;" and these, to the utmost of his ability, he attended.

"July 3rd.—Again have I been privileged with the ordinances of God's house, and in them felt prompted to acts of faith, of love, and holy obedience. I have endeavoured this day to serve God in doing and getting good, and while thus engaged have realized the presence of Jesus. But my service has been very imperfect, so that I can only look for acceptance through the merit and intercession of Christ. No good works have I to *trust in for acceptance;* they form no *foundation* on which to build my hopes of heaven. 'In my hand no price I bring, simply to the cross I cling;' thus, '*while low* at Jesu's cross I bow, I hear the blood of sprinkling now.' I do *long* for the spread of the Gospel, and that great success may attend its preaching at home and abroad. We need here a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit; we have the machinery of usefulness in motion, but we *want* the *unction from above.*"

One means, among many others, by which the Messrs. Price rendered important assistance to the

whole of the Bridgend circuit, was by securing, whenever it was possible, pious young men, who were Local Preachers, as assistants in their business. Being young men of education as well as of piety, their ministrations were most acceptable to the congregations generally, while the change from the confinement of the shop to the open country was both agreeable to their minds and beneficial to their health.

Approving themselves to the church, they frequently passed from Mr. Price's family either to the Theological Institution, or into the regular work of the ministry. This will partly account for the number of young men who, during the last few years, have stood before the Conference as candidates, recommended from the Bridgend circuit.

To one of these young men (Mr. T. H. Trethewey), son of the Rev. H. B. Trethewey, reference is about this time made in Mr. J. Price's diary. Mr. Trethewey came to Bridgend as an assistant chemist, and by the purity of his life, the gentleness of his spirit, his business habits, his zeal for God, and acceptable pulpit services, not only endeared himself to the family with whom he was connected, but satisfied the circuit generally that he was called to fill a higher

place in the Church of God. He was therefore most cordially recommended to the Conference, as a candidate for the ministry. Having spent a year in Didsbury College, under the care and training of Dr. Hannah, he paid a visit to his old friends at Bridgend, where he preached, says Mr. J. Price, "two truly evangelical and earnest sermons," satisfying all that he had diligently improved the year; and would, if faithful in the future, become a useful and edifying minister of the Lord Jesus.

Sept. 3rd, he entered on his twenty-ninth year. "The past year," he says, "has been one of much mercy. My health has been, on the whole, good. One of the greatest mercies is that I have not become '*weary in well-doing.*' May the year on which I have entered be one of rapid progress in the Divine life—of greater conformity to God—of more earnest, persevering, and believing prayer for myself, the church, the Sunday-school, and the world. O may it be one in which I may rejoice over *numerous conversions* among the young and the old;—of intellectual and moral improvement in myself and those connected with the Sabbath-school.

"Dec. 4th.—Time rolls rapidly on, whether improved or wasted. I feel honoured in being engaged

in the service of God. 'His service is' indeed 'perfect freedom.' 'O, to grace how great a debtor.' I have a longing desire to be useful, especially among the young. I am comforted by thinking that my weakness and ignorance can be more than a thousand times made up by the direct influence of the Holy Spirit on their hearts. I am thankful for this feeling, and am persuaded that my labour is not in vain in the Lord. The attendance is improving. What a delightful thing if they all become truly converted to God!"

He now found it necessary to divide his class; the boys and the girls meeting alternately, but uniting for prayer the first Sabbath in each month.

CHAPTER VIII.

1854—1855.

DIARY—REVIVAL IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL—
MATRIMONIAL PROSPECTS.

> We remember, and will ne'er forget
> Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours,
> Our burning words that uttered all our soul,
> Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
> Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
> Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.
> We talked the speech, we ate the food of heaven.

"JAN. 18th.—This day the mortal remains of my uncle Richard were committed to the 'house appointed for all living.' I visited a poor sick man with E. John. O how often have our souls been blessed in this important work. In humble dependence on God's grace, I do resolve to be more diligent in this good work. On retiring to rest this night, I had indeed *access to God*, and drew water with joy from the wells of salvation. I had, too, a delightful

and yet humbling sense of the mercies of God vouchsafed to me all the days of my life.

"July 4th.—What a mercy to be kept in the way of righteousness and in the fold of Christ! How sweet to have a compassionate Saviour to trust in and rely upon! I feel a *longing desire* to live for some purpose in the world, and should like to accomplish a great work for God. My mind is now especially directed to two things; namely, the *Sabbath-school* and *Congregational singing*. How I should like to advocate their claims upon the church and the world. God being my helper, I will do what I can to arouse the attention of the people; and to this end I must read, think, pray, and write more. I must, by all possible means, improve myself."

It was soon after the above date that the writer, having been appointed to the Cardiff circuit, became personally acquainted with the interesting family of which Mr. J. Price was a member. The impressions which the first visit made are still fresh in his mind. The bright autumnal Sabbath morning—the early ramble along the banks of the winding 'Ogmore,' passing Cae-Court, and Glanogwr, the lovely seat of the venerable but gleeful Rector, whose locks were whitened with the snows of fourscore winters; the

soft and sylvan scenery, stretching towards the sea in one direction, and onward to the lofty hills of the coal district in the other; the quiet and orderly aspect of the town; the neat little chapel, with its devout worshippers and youthful choir, all combined to awaken feelings of the most pleasurable kind. But with nothing was he so charmed as with the family, so quiet, cheerful, and thoroughly Christian in its character, in the centre of which moved our late friend. It was impossible not to feel that, though filling a subordinate position, he was exerting a powerful and hallowed influence on all around. His gentle disposition, his cheerful piety, his sweet-toned voice, his love of sacred song, his spiritual conversation and quenchless zeal for the glory of Christ, made you feel that you were in the company of one who had diligently improved his talents, and devoted them earnestly and without reserve to the highest purposes of human life. He stood before you as one who had so grown "*up into Christ in all things,*" that he had "*come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.*"

The Rev. John Vanes, after two years' residence in

the circuit, was succeeded by the Rev. Charles Williams, who had laboured much in different parts of the kingdom, and had seen numerous conversions, especially in Cornwall. Here also he went "*forth weeping, bearing precious seed,*" and soon returned "*rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.*" About this time, Mr. John Price refers to Mr. W., in his journal, in the following terms: "We are favoured with an excellent minister in Mr. Williams. He seems bent on doing good and saving souls. I feel a great desire after more holiness of heart and life; to be more earnest in the pursuit of spiritual blessings, and of being fully restored to the image of God. I wish to make the best use of my time as it passes, and to be always employed; having some specific object constantly before my mind. I wish too to become qualified to address the Sabbath-school effectively, and to teach others to sing the high praises of God.

"Dec. 3rd.—I feel much cause for gratitude, inasmuch as the work of grace is being carried on in my soul. O how great has been the love and forbearance of God towards me! My heart should overflow and ever flow in grateful returns of love and praise. The service of God is pleasant and profitable. I need a large measure of grace to fit me for the

position I am called to fill, both in the church and in the world. I feel assured that God will, in answer to my prayer, bless and make me a blessing. My sympathies are drawn out for the conversion of the young and the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom. I would labour and pray for this. I have also a strong desire to promote the 'service of song' in the sanctuary of the Lord."

1855.—The first entry made this year breathes the same spirit of grateful love to God, and ardent desire for the conversion of those around him. He delighted himself in the Lord, and the Lord gave him the desire of his heart. He says, "I am hoping to see a *revival* break out speedily amongst us as a people, and especially among the *young*. I visited to-day the Union Workhouse. What a *privilege* to pour consolation into the minds of the poor!"

Here is a noble example for young men; one of themselves living in the steady pursuit of a holy purpose, making the best use of those powers with which God had endowed him, and spending each day so as to augment the sum of human bliss, and reduce the amount of human woe. He might have adopted a different course, spending his days in plans of earthly gain, and his nights amidst the vicious

associations of the Billiard-table, the Theatre, or the Ball-room. But would he have been a happier man? Would he have been more *respected* and *beloved*? Alas! how *poor* are all the pleasures of sin compared to those which he found in instructing the ignorant, in visiting the sick, and in pouring consolation into the souls of the dying. With him were no painful reflections, no keen remorse. He had a profound conviction that he had made the right choice. The grand purpose of his life was in accordance with his enlightened judgment. He felt unspeakable delight in vowing eternal fidelity to his Saviour; and the longer he lived, and the more faithfully he carried out his principles, the more fully did he enjoy the approbation of his conscience, the smile of God, and "the blessing of those who were ready to perish."

The revival for which he had so ardently prayed, he was soon permitted to witness.

March 18th, he writes, "This has been a memorable day in the history of our church. The Lord, in answer to the prayers of His people, manifested His power and presence in the prayer-meeting after the service, and the cry for mercy was heard in our midst. Glory be to God! I felt, during the day, a longing for such a scene. O that it may be the

beginning of better days! One professed to have found peace, and others sighed and sobbed aloud for mercy. How encouraging to see that the Lord does reward those who labour in His cause. May I be kept humble, for I feel there is a danger lest pride should creep in and mar the work. The Lord alone can save me."

Many in Bridgend and elsewhere have a lively recollection of those "*times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord*" with which the Wesleyan Church was then favoured, and will not be surprised that he should insert in his diary the following remarks: "Blessed be God, the good work is still going on, principally among the young. Services have been held through the week, and many have sought and found mercy.

"On Sunday evening, the 25th, the Holy Spirit was poured out, and all present seemed subdued and broken down. Such a meeting we never had before in Bridgend. The Lord is indeed reviving His work; many have found peace through believing. I feel my own faith much strengthened in the faithfulness of God. For years prayer has been made for such a work as is now going on."

It will be seen with what unfeigned joy he watched

the progress of this work. "He rejoiced as one who had taken great spoil." Worldly-minded men and formal fallen professors may not understand this. But what could be more natural? In ordinary life the pleasure realized in the attainment of an object is always in proportion to the intensity of desire with which it is pursued. When we call to mind the prayers which had been offered, the tears which had been shed, and the efforts which, in the form of advices, admonitions, and exhortations, had been put forth for years by John Price, we cannot wonder that he greatly rejoiced when he witnessed the fulfilment of his desires in the conversion of those around him.

But there was a higher principle at work. "THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINED HIM." That love which moved the Son of God to come down to earth, which made Him a man of sorrows and a sacrifice for sin, had been shed abroad in his heart, awaking such a sense of obligation to Christ that he was constrained to live not unto himself "but to Him who had died for him and rose again." The whole aim of his life henceforward was the glory of Christ in the restoration of men to the favour and image of God. In the work which was at this time going on

in the Sunday-school and chapel, he saw the "fruit" of the Redeemer's passion, the reward of His sufferings, and a part of that "joy which was set before Him" when "He endured the cross and despised the shame;" this filled him with joy.

These were happy days, and yet his joy was tempered by the buffetings of his spiritual foes. This might have been expected. If the "great Apostle" had given to him "a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet" him, "lest he should be exalted above measure," it is not surprising that our young friend, in witnessing the conversion of those for whom he had so long prayed and laboured, and who now clung to him as their spiritual father, should be permitted to feel his own weakness and the need of special supplies of the Spirit of Christ. He was, however, not "*ignorant of Satan's devices;*" but besought the Lord earnestly, and found His grace to be sufficient. His own words are, "I have had severe struggles with the 'adversary' of my soul since the work began. But, blessed be God, He has given me the victory over *Self*, and *Sin*, and the *Devil*. I feel constrained by the mercies of God to present myself a living sacrifice to Him."

It was no small comfort to Mr. John to find him-

self associated not only in business, but also in the church with his three elder brothers. In things secular and sacred they were a fourfold cord, and hence, whatsoever they did, by the blessing of God, "prospered." Philip had been for several years Circuit Steward, managing Trustee, Superintendent of the Sunday-school, and Class-leader; Robert had exerted a happy influence through the circuit as Local Preacher and Class-leader; while William had made himself useful in various departments. There was one, however, who still stood without, and was deeply immersed in business; over him John's heart about this time intensely yearned.

April 1st, he says, "I visited to-day my brother Benjamin, and invited him to chapel, and hope ere long to succeed. My prayer is, that the Spirit of conviction may be given to him also. The Lord is still pouring out His Spirit. A few *aged sinners* are beginning to seek the Lord. Backsliders also are returning. May the young people who have believed, be preserved from falling!

"8th.—The work of the Lord is still silently going on. I have this day been encouraged in seeing several new scholars—the children of very ungodly parents—at the school. May they be truly

converted, and become instruments in God's hand in the conversion of their parents!

"15th.—Mr. Williams preached an impressive sermon. The cry for mercy was heard and the tear of penitence flowed. O that Jesus may 'see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied!'"

Ardently as he longed to promote the welfare of those around him in Bridgend, his sympathies were not confined to them. He greatly rejoiced in what his eyes had seen, and longed to communicate to those engaged in Sabbath-school teaching his thoughts, and, if possible, his feelings. After much prayer for the Spirit's help, he wrote an article which appeared in the *Sunday-school Magazine* for the month of July, entitled, "The Crowning Influence wanted." His own words on this occasion are:—

"I occupy a very responsible position in the church, and in the world. I need much grace to enable me to glorify God and be instrumental in winning souls to Christ. For the first time, I have written to the *Sunday-school Magazine*. It is a call to united prayer for God's blessing on Sunday-schools. May God's blessing attend the reading of it; and may I be kept humble—willing to be anything, so that I may be useful. My sphere is among the young, and

in visiting the sick. I trust I shall find increasing delight in these duties.

"May 15th.—Preserved still by grace Divine in the ways of God, which are indeed ways of pleasantness. Our chapel anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. O. on the love of God in the gift of His Son freely offered; and in the evening, on the 'Sure Foundation.' Away, my doubts and unbelief. I stand, adore, and love. What a privilege to hear the Gospel faithfully, simply, and affectionately preached!

"21st.—I heard Mr. E. preach two useful sermons. Felt much drawn out in prayer. Bless the Lord, O my soul! I am daily laden with mercies, and yet forgetful of Him through whose death and intercession they all flow.

"29th.—I again renewed my covenant with God at His table. It was a season of grace; sweet and holy thoughts were presented to my mind. I have made a full surrender of my all to Jesus, and depend on Him entirely for acceptance, holiness, and heaven.

> Now rest my long-divided heart,
> Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
> Nor ever from my Lord depart,
> With Him of every good possest.

God is faithful, and lovingly engages to make me

blest. May I 'abide in Him,' so shall I 'bear much fruit.'"

Mr. Price was now thirty years of age, and he believed the time was come when he should choose a "help-meet" and life-partner of his joys and griefs. Having enjoyed a comfortable home in his brother's family, an interest in the business, and a congenial sphere of usefulness in the church, he was not in haste to assume the responsibilities of the marriage state. He was now, however, satisfied that he ought to remain single no longer. This was to him a most important step. The warning examples of many professing Christians who had fallen by being "unequally yoked with unbelievers" were before him. His happiness through life he knew very much depended on his obtaining one who would help and not hinder him in his heavenward journey. He sought Divine direction, and obtained it. "Acknowledging God" in this as in other things, his steps were directed to Swansea, and there to an only daughter of honourable parents occupying a respectable position in life, and each filling the office of Class-leader in the Wesleyan Society. The father a man of great Christian simplicity and power, who had retained for many years the fervour

of his first love, while discharging the duties of a most responsible situation. The mother a direct descendant of the venerable and apostolic Vincent Perronet, vicar of Shoreham, whom Mr. Wesley used to style "The Archbishop of Methodism."

In this family Mr. Price breathed a congenial atmosphere. The Sabbath was indeed "a delight, the holy of the Lord, and honourable." Worldly conversation was never heard, and the hours seemed too few for the services of God's house, Christian conversation, praise, and prayer. Mr. Price's visits to Swansea issued in his happy marriage union with Miss Anne Irene Nancarrow, on May 1, 1857. Before this event took place, however, he was permitted to see the fulfilment of his heart's desire in the conversion of many souls to Christ, as the following entries will show.

"Sept. 2, 1855.—The eve of another birthday. I enjoyed the early prayer-meeting, and had an interesting class of boys at school, who seemed willing to receive what was said to them. I had great liberty in pointing them to Jesus as their best friend. My only desire is to set Him on the throne of every scholar's heart.

"3rd.—My thirtieth birthday. 'Here I'll raise my Ebenezer; hither by Thine help I'm come.'

The past I cannot review without gratitude for converting and preserving grace. I have much to humble me, and nothing of my own whereof to boast. 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'Herein is love.' I rest my soul on Jesus and His atoning sacrifice offered once for all—and for *me*. 'O, for a closer walk with God.'

"Dec. 3rd.—Since I last wrote I have enjoyed many refreshing Sabbaths. How sweet has been the communion of saints, and the hope and prospect of heaven. By Divine grace I have held on my way endeavouring to do good to others. The prospect of usefulness is widening, and the call for deeper piety louder and more urgent. A delightful prospect is before me." [Of what?—worldly wealth, conjugal bliss, established health? No.] "*A large number of young persons to be won to Christ. The Sabbath-school is becoming more and more interesting.*"

"Dec. 9th.—I feel the drawings of the Holy Spirit to closer union with God, and for more of the Divine impress on my heart and character. I am anxious to make progress in the Divine life, and to be clothed with the spirit of meekness and humility. I have much need of this grace of the Holy Spirit.

Having been placed in so many public offices, there is a danger of pride creeping into my heart. O that my eye may be kept single, and my resolves pure. Jesus has said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

The Day-school had now been in operation several years, and although it had involved a considerable amount of care and cost, the burden of which was borne by a few, it had proved a great blessing to many families in Bridgend. Based upon liberal and unsectarian principles, it was such an institution, considering the strength of the Nonconformist churches in the town, as was greatly needed. To the children of the working classes it offered a cheap but sound education, the advantages of which many have fully appreciated. A lad who had been in the school from its commencement, and had passed through the term of his apprenticeship as a pupil-teacher, was about this time leaving Bridgend for Westminster Training College. To David Thomas, Mr. J. Price was strongly attached, and endeavoured to improve the opportunity, by setting forth the advantages of early piety, even in this life.

Under the above date he says, "D. Thomas is leaving for London. It was an interesting and affecting scene; many were in tears. David has set an

example to the young around him, and I trust others will be coming forth to fill his place."

Dec. 29th, he wrote at considerable length. "The last Sabbath of another eventful year—a year of many mercies. I think one of the happiest I have spent. What seasons of grace! What times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord! Prayer has been answered—souls have been born of God. The Holy Spirit has been poured out and several young persons have been, I trust, truly converted to God, and are become the willing and happy followers of Jesus. It is true, the 'goodness' of some has been like the 'morning cloud and early dew,' chiefly, I believe, through *home* influence and evil companions; yet the good seed is deposited there, and in many cases will again take root and spring up, bearing fruit to the glory of the Divine name. O what a cause for gratitude have we, and what a pleasing prospect of usefulness! We have had a larger attendance to-day than we ever had before. My own class seemed very much impressed, and all my boys promised they would, with the new year, begin a new life. May the Holy Spirit help them! Mr. Williams preached a sermon to the young this morning; I much enjoyed the service, and felt it good to partake of the Lord's

Supper in the evening. I trust the meeting in the town-hall on Tuesday will prove a great blessing to parents and children. I feel much drawn out in desire for the salvation of souls. O how I long to be made a blessing to the young. I want *pure love* to Jesus, and those whom He has redeemed. I lament my shortcomings, my sins of omission and commission during the past year, and rest my soul on Jesus.

Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.

CHAPTER IX.

1856–1857.

DIARY—FATHER'S DEATH—MARRIAGE— CHARACTER.

Let thy wife be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thy house.
Let her be an heir of heaven; so shall she help thee on thy way.

"APRIL 28th, 1856.—Since I wrote last, I have had many struggles with the great adversary and many victories. Many happy hours have been spent in God's service. Blessed be God, He has again visited us with His Holy Spirit. Last Sabbath a rich influence seemed to rest on the minds of the young, and a large class remained after the school. A week of special prayer has been observed and much good done. I took the names of those who wished to join God's people, partook of the sacrament, and tried to believe for perfect love. How much wisdom and grace do I now need to direct me in leading souls to

Christ. I feel my own insufficiency to carry on instrumentally the blessed work which He has again begun among the young. I would, however, rely on that word, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' R. M. went home after the service, and while in earnest prayer to God, found peace through believing in Jesus, and was made very happy. He could not rest until he had told me of his joy.

"27th.—The services of the past week have been a blessing to many; a busy week to me, but a very happy one. I began this day in a heavenly state of mind, and have had sweet communion with God, with some bright anticipations of heaven. A gracious work is still going on among the young; I feel the need of much wisdom to direct, and grace to sustain me. I would lie at the feet of Jesus and cry continually, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'

"May 19th.—Since I wrote last I have enjoyed many seasons of grace; I have tasted something of the happiness of heaven, and *have longed to be there,* 'O what will it be to be there!' "

We know not, but *he does.* The taste has become a feast; *the Lamb Himself doth now feed him and lead him to fountains of living waters, and God hath wiped away all tears from his eyes.* If when

he penned the above words he had been assured that after the lapse of five brief years of peaceful and happy toil, he would *know* "what it is to be there," how would his spirit have bounded with joy. But it was in wisdom withheld. In full health and not without earthly anticipations, his purest affections were "set on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." To him, "*to live*," was "Christ," and that was enough while life lasted; for to such "*death*," come when or how it may, "is *gain*."

"Last Sabbath I spent at Swansea, and much enjoyed the sermons of Mr. Bytheway. Yesterday, Rev. J. Bond preached here, after which a love-feast was held, and such a one as was never, it is believed, held in Bridgend before; so many young persons testified to the power of Jesus to forgive sins. Lord, carry on thy work. It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord; even so. Amen. Come, Lord Jesus. Take the purchase of thy blood. Claim these precious souls. Many, both young and old, are under conviction. I resign myself up to the will of God, anxious only that the Divine will may be done in me and by me."

The annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists

was this year held in Bristol, so Mr. Price embraced the opportunity of attending several of its services. For fifteen years he had studied the principles, marked the spirit, and watched the movements of Wesleyan Methodism, both at home and abroad, and his attachment to it had deepened as time passed. He had formed friendships also during these years with several ministers of the body, whom he now affectionately desired to greet. These days were faithfully improved and greatly enjoyed. The public services were truly refreshing, but nothing seemed so deeply to interest him as the accounts given by the young ministers of their conversion, experience, and call to the work of the Christian Ministry. It gladdened his heart greatly, not only to see a succession of faithful men raised up to fill the places of the deceased and retiring, but to observe that, not a few of them attributed their early decision for God to the instruction they received in the Sabbath-school. This furnished a fresh motive for renewed earnestness in this department of the work of God. So, girding up the loins of his mind, he hastened like a faithful servant to fulfil that portion of his Master's work which yet remained.

The desire of being instrumental in raising up

labourers for Christ's vineyard, which arose in his mind at that time, was ere long fulfilled. Since then, two young men who entered Bridgend Sunday-school when children, and who feel deeply indebted to him for the influence brought to bear on their minds, are now in the work of the Wesleyan Ministry: the Rev. G. S. Thomas and Rev. David Jones. May the mantle of their departed teacher and friend fall on them!

About this time he seemed to feel the approaches of that insidious disease by which four years afterwards he was carried off.

"October 26th.—I have," he says, "to acknowledge the goodness of God in all His dealings with me. May I bow in submission to His will in sickness and in health—in prosperity and adversity! *My health has not been good; yet I have not been laid aside.* The Lord is His own interpreter. I have no misgivings at all about my providential path. It is quite clear.

"November 1st.—I listened to two profitable discourses by the Rev. J. Samuel Jones, of Cardiff, on 'the Great Supper,' and 'the Pool of Bethesda.' The work of grace is deepening in my soul, and I long to be increasingly useful to all who may come

under my influence. Piety seems to be so desirable on account of the good influence it exerts on others. I wish my piety to be influential, intelligent, and consistent. My first thoughts in the morning I would give to God. I awoke to-day with earthly thoughts, but cried to God, and was delivered. I wish, too, to be regular in my habits—having a season for everything.

"November 16th.—I visited Mr. Llewellyn Howell —it *was* a privilege. How grateful and happy in the midst of all his sufferings!"

Mr. John Price's mother had long since gone to her reward, but his father was permitted to see his youngest child come to maturity. About this time, however, he began to sicken unto death. It was a solemn and affecting season. From his youth he had feared God—had trained up his children in the way they should go—had seen the good hand of God upon them for good for many years, and now "*in age and feebleness extreme*," full of simplicity and faith, he commended them all to the "*God of his life.*" His was indeed a life of mercy crowned with a triumphant end.

When the vital flame had become so far extinguished as to render him incapable of recognising his own family and friends, he held sweet communings with

God—uttered a thousand times the name of Jesus, and sang portions of hymns, which, in the public sanctuary and in his own family, he had often sung. Thus he came "*down to the grave like a ripe shock of corn in its season,*" venerated by his children and loved by all.

The very happy death of the father was regarded by the children as an additional proof of the favour of God, and led them to a renewed consecration to his service. On this occasion Mr. John Price writes:—"I wish more than ever to live to purpose, and accomplish by God's help *a great work.* Now that my aged father is on his dying bed, I am led to think of the goodness of God to us, as a family, in blessing us with pious parents. O that their prayers may be answered, and that blessings may descend on every member of the family, and especially upon those who are yet in their sins. The comforts of religion are now my father's support, and he enjoys great peace."

1857.—This year was an eventful and happy one. The business to which he had attended from an early age, and of which he had been a partner, now became his own, together with the responsibility of Postmaster. In the month of May he was united in

marriage to Miss Anne Irene Nancarrow, a young lady on whom he had for years placed his affection, and whom he regarded as one who would be a "help-meet" for him. She had received from her affectionate parents a liberal and religious education, was decidedly pious, and possessed great decision of character. Their union, though brief, was a very happy one. They moved sweetly together in the various walks of life. As a husband and a master, Mr. Price endeavoured, in the fear of God, faithfully to discharge the duties arising out of these new relationships.

It has been said, and with much truth, that to know a man correctly you must see him in the circle of his own family. Many have passed muster among strangers as eminent Christians, while their influence at home was far from good. Probably the apostle Paul had reference to such when he exhorted Christians to "*learn first to show piety at home.*"

Mr. Price evidently took the words of the Psalmist as his motto; and those who had the privilege of living in his family can testify how fully he acted up to it. "I will behave myself wisely, in a perfect way; I will walk within my house with a

perfect heart; I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes; I will not know a wicked person; mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me; he that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me; he that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house; he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight."*

The Rev. Mark Shaw, who was with him as an assistant chemist some time before and after his marriage, writes in the following terms:—

"My regard for my late beloved master, Mr. John Price, rose to warm affection. *I loved him, and his memory is dear to me.* I lived with him two years, and had numerous opportunities of watching and weighing his character, as a master, a husband, a parent, and a tradesman. I sat at his table, slept under his roof, and joined in the worship, the business, and the festivities of the family. Those two years I regard as two of the happiest of my life. *The influence continually about me was soft, benign, mild.* Mrs. John was an admirable woman and mistress. Of Messrs. Philip, Robert, and William, I have many pleasing reminiscences, and when the parting hour came I felt sorry at heart—my spirit

* Psalm ci.

lingered behind, and with no small difficulty I tore myself away; nor did I ever dream that news would come so soon that he whom I held in such high esteem was gone. Of the virtues of Mr. John Price I cannot speak in language too exalted. His was, in my judgment, an example of the most *unfeigned and even-coursed piety I ever knew.* It was equally removed from dulness on the one hand, and enthusiasm on the other. There was an *evenness* and *fervour* about it which gave to him the air and aspect of a *noble Christian.* There was no instability about him. That, however, which I most admired, and which often touched me greatly, was his profound solicitude for the *young.* His anxiety for their welfare, social and religious, was fabulously great. Most wishful was he that they should serve God, and if he found them indifferent to duty, or heard of the falling away of any, it grieved him sorely. Frequently have I heard him endeavouring *gently,* and in the *mild* and encouraging language of Jesus, to reclaim them.

"He was a *good master*—there were not divers masters;—he ruled, but it was with gentleness and love. *The yoke was easy and the burden light.* There was the absence of everything like austerity.

Unreasonable demands he never made on his servants, but consulted and tried to promote our physical and religious interests. *Two or three hours a-day were regularly given to us for recreation out of doors,* while arrangements were always, if possible, made for our attendance at the *week-night* means of grace. His attentions to his domestic servants and apprentices were highly laudable, and over their morals he watched with a father's care. He kept a good table. We were in the land of the living, and there were no complainings in our streets.

"As a *tradesman,* Mr. John Price was honourable in all his dealings. He had a *fine* and *lofty* sense of *integrity* in all business transactions, and he rigidly adhered to a most upright course. He *dealt fairly with every one.* He was diligent in business, and a fair, lawful diligence it was. He 'gave to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.' He never appeared to have those mistaken notions of business which some good men have. It was not with him so much secular trash and traffic, but *duty,* assuming another form from that of going to God's house; *a religious duty,* and, if rightly performed, equally acceptable to God as prayer and praise. He most certainly believed that everything done in obedience to the

will of God and in reference to His glory, whether called sacred or secular, is acceptable and well-pleasing to Him, and will meet with its reward. Mr. Price's business was conducted on fixed principles of just and equitable trading. He carried himself with a *serene courtesy towards all his customers*, and thus won their esteem and confidence. His household arrangements were admirable. His *rule sat painfully on no one;* yet all his requirements were promptly carried out by the servants. In that house there was no hurry nor bustle, no rude shouting nor vulgar scolding. *A 'still, small voice' held sway.* It was *still, quiet,* but *mighty.* I believe every one did his will from love to him. He accorded to the servants a *just confidence,* which won for him the *cheerful obedience of all.*

"As a *husband,* he was a pattern worthy of imitation. It is true he was blest with an amiable wife, and during my stay their life was one sweet, smooth, placid flow of harmony and delight. If ever wedded life was blissful it was theirs. I have seen the mutual bearing of husband and wife in divers instances, but never saw anything to surpass, and but few to equal, their reciprocal goodness. They were indeed but '*one flesh,*' being animated by one life, moved by

one uniform purpose. While I was with him he had one child, on receiving which his heart swelled with a joy which he could not possibly suppress. A new class of affections were called forth, and they were of the right kind. He loved his first-born only less than God.

"*Family prayer* was sacredly observed *night* and *morning*, and I shall ever recollect the *deep, silent flow of living power there was in his prayers.* It was indeed a means of grace, and I went forth from that religious service better than I went in. I felt as if I had a mightier nerve, a higher, stronger purpose for good. I was, in fact, equipped for the fight. The *servants*, apprentices, and one of the assistants were *always present.* This service was *never hurried*, and *nothing was allowed to interfere with its performance.* If he were from home, some one else took his place.

"The one object of his whole life was the glory of God. It was, so far as I could see it, all of a piece—it was one—perfectly clear and transparent. He was fair and honest in everything; he knew not what dissimulation meant. He never dealt in art or guile. He was an Israelite indeed, in whom there was NO GUILE."

CHAPTER X.

EXTENSION OF METHODISM—ZEAL FOR GOD—CHARACTER.

> Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
> To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light
> And hope that reaps not shame.

SHORTLY after Mr. Price's marriage, the writer had an opportunity of observing his character and conduct more narrowly, and of forming a friendship which lasted through life, and which, it is hoped, will be renewed and perpetuated in heaven.

Having occasionally visited Bridgend as one of the Cardiff ministers, he received a very cordial invitation to reside and labour there, and at the following Conference was appointed to the circuit.

The three years which followed proved to be the most happy, peaceful, and prosperous of his ministerial life. Never before had he met with a small

number of men on whom rested so fully the moral and financial responsibilities of a circuit, stronger in their attachment to the doctrines and discipline of Wesleyan Methodism, more simple and unselfish in their aims, or more liberal in the things they devised on behalf of the work of God.

From the preceding pages it will be inferred that much labour had been bestowed on the circuit, and much good done; yet in the year 1857 the societies were still small. Bridgend having no manufactories or public works of any kind, furnished but little employment for the rising young people, who consequently had to migrate to different parts of the kingdom. This not only prevented any considerable increase of population, but particularly affected the different Christian churches.

The Wesleyan local preachers were few but faithful, seldom disappointing a congregation, however distant the place or rugged the roads. The stewards, with scarcely an exception, were good men and true, who thought it much better to observe established rules than attempt to mend them; and on every hand an earnest desire was cherished to see the great end of the Christian ministry accomplished in the conversion of men to Christ. The result was that signs of im-

provement soon appeared, and a large numerical increase of members followed. "*Then had the churches rest, and were edified; and walking in the fear of the Lord and the comfort of the Holy Ghost were multiplied.*"

The first place which excited attention was Maesteg, a large town nine miles from Bridgend, with a population of nine thousand. Here for many years at different times the English Wesleyans had held public religious services; and yet at this time they had no better place than a small inconvenient room, for which an exorbitant rent was charged. The necessity for a chapel was pressingly felt; and steps were taken to obtain one. In the following February the foundation-stone was laid by Mr. Philip Price, and in the month of July a neat and commodious Gothic building was opened by the Revs. Robert Rees and Isaac Jenkin.

In this good work Mr. J. Price felt a deep interest, and rendered important aid, not only by contributing to the building fund, but by giving with his young friends several sacred concerts in connection with lectures delivered by the Superintendent Minister and the Rev. E. A. Telfer. On the opening of this chapel the attendants greatly increased, and to many the

"*Gospel came not in word only, but in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.*"

The societies at Lantwit and St. Athans also gradually gathered strength until the autumn of 1858, when a visit from the Rev. Robert Jackson was made a great blessing, especially to the young people connected with the Sabbath-school, many of whom at this time yielded themselves to God. Nor was the good work confined to Wesleyan Chapels. Every church was "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire," and "many were added to the Lord."

At Aberkenfig—a large village two miles from Bridgend, in which at that time vice fearfully abounded—considerable religious interest was awakened. A good man opened his house for prayer, and many came: sinners were reclaimed, and a society formed, which subsequently led to the erection of a small chapel, in which public services and a Sabbath-school have since been conducted.* Other places also were very graciously visited.

* There is no wish here to insinuate that no means of moral improvement had been provided for the people. For several years the Messrs. Brogden had laudably and liberally provided a day and Sabbath-school, and regular religious services in a large room on the "Works;" while the Calvinistic Methodists had had for some years a Welsh chapel in the village.

But it was in the Sunday-school at Bridgend that Mr. John took the deepest interest. That the young people in connection therewith might be accommodated, he undertook by his own efforts to erect a gallery in the chapel, free from debt, which was immediately filled.

All who understand the economy of Methodism will be able to form some idea of the numerous committee meetings which during three years must have been held in connection with Society, Circuit, Chapel, and School affairs. Of all these he was a member; and although great freedom of speech was allowed, and different opinions firmly maintained, yet it is not recollected that he ever uttered a word or manifested a temper which was inconsistent with his Christian profession, or which called for censure from any one present. His views were generally in advance of those around him, and his confidence in the power of God was strong.

It is impossible to say to what an extent the circuit was indebted for the prosperity it enjoyed, to the genial and generous spirit which he brought into these meetings of business. Noble projects have sometimes been dashed to the ground, and noble opportunities of doing good lost for ever, through the perversity or selfishness of some one man.

At certain seasons the Messrs. Price were accustomed to hold family festivities to which their minister was invited, and in which he could most consistently join; for anything of the kind, so thoroughly pervaded with the spirit of Christianity, so marked with a serene and joyous hilarity, so calculated to promote fraternal union and affection, is seldom seen.

Ministers have often had, on such occasions, to complain, and not without reason, of an approximation to the world and the absence of everything like Christian sobriety and order. Not so here. In the centre of these social gatherings there was one who, more than any other, it is not unjust to say, made himself felt, and that was the subject of these pages. Who that was present can ever forget his serene countenance, his edifying conversation, his sweet solos? Here, as elsewhere, the glory of Christ in the conversion of men was the supreme object of desire, and the opportunity was taken to remind those around him of the obligations they were under of living for Him who died for all. Here originated plans which since have been executed, and the benefits of which have been felt by many.

Mr. John Price's business was in the centre of the town, so that a day seldom passed without some con-

versation respecting the work of God in the circuit or elsewhere, and never was he indisposed to enter on it. He lived "*in the Spirit*," and stood ready for every good word and work. No conversation, however spiritual, was above the tone of his mind. No project, however extensive, seemed too large for his heart. He was often in advance of his pastor, for he seemed ever to be meditating plans of usefulness; and what he projected he never seemed to fail in carrying out. His life was a true and practical exemplification of the doctrine, in its proper and scriptural sense, of "*final perseverance*."

The formation of "THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION" deserves mention here. Anxious to see Sunday-schools not only a means of instruction and of "grace" to the children, but also of sending the Gospel to those who were perishing for lack of it in "*the regions beyond*," he endeavoured by every means to awaken their sympathies and direct their efforts to this end.

The plan was laid in the year 1849, and it is believed that a reference to the Missionary Report will show that scarcely a year passed without an increase in the amount of contributions. To keep up the interest, a public Juvenile Missionary Meeting was

annually held, when addresses on the subject were delivered by speakers selected from the Sabbath-school. On those meetings some who are now occupying high positions in the church look back with interest, as it was in them that their first essays in public speaking were made, while others "have fallen asleep."*

Mr. John Price frequently corresponded with the venerable Mr. Blake, of Harrow, with whose views his own very fully accorded. After carefully weighing the matter he resolved on introducing the system into every Sunday-school in the circuit, and for that purpose visited every place. The result was gratifying. Forty children in his own school were enrolled as

* No youth ever produced such an impression at those meetings as James Thomas, who, when quite a lad, often thrilled the audience with delight. At one of the meetings, when J. Price, J. Dyer, T. E. Osborn were present, James was unusually animated, so that the tender heart of Everit was touched; and on his return home he said, "O, I felt persuaded I should meet James Thomas as a missionary in some distant land." They have met. For since the above words were penned, James, too, has passed away. The writer saw him but a few hours before his death, when he was anticipating the pleasure of seeing the portrait and reading the Memoirs of his dear friend Mr. John Price. What is our life? In the brief period of a few months, no less than four whose hearts were burning with love to Christ in that juvenile missionary meeting, have finished their course. They have met each other, not in some distant, barbarous land, as missionaries of the Cross, but in "the better land," where there is no sorrow, nor suffering, nor sin.

collectors. His heart was cheered, for he believed, with Mr. Arthur, that an immense sum might thus be raised for evangelistic purposes.

From the preceding remarks it may be inferred by some who did not know him, that his business must necessarily have suffered by such unwearied and systematic efforts in doing good. But this was not the case, and that simply because they were *systematic.* No tradesman was ever found more regularly at his post than he. His hours were wisely divided, so that he was "*never unemployed, never triflingly employed: he never whiled away time.*" Each day brought its duties in the family, in the shop, and in the church, and each day saw them fulfilled. Many good men have brought themselves into pecuniary embarrassment who never did for the church or for the world the half of what he did. And it could not be otherwise unless God wrought a perpetual miracle on their behalf. Men of business who think they are called to leave home to carry out spasmodic and irregular efforts for the good of the church, must expect to find everything in confusion and out of joint when they return.

LIBERALITY formed a prominent feature in the character of Mr. J. Price. The "love of money"

certainly had no place in his heart. Often as the writer had, during his stay at Bridgend, to appeal to him on behalf of funds, both local and connexional, he never on any occasion received a rebuff. He was never entertained with a long account of losses in trade, while not a word was said on the other side. *He was never told not to trouble him again.* There was nothing like a painful querulousness as to the desirableness or practicability of the object. He was too sincere and honest for that. If he approved of the object, he decided at once what he would give, and gave it without murmuring. He was a "*cheerful giver.*" The fear felt in approaching him was not lest you should call forth some temper inconsistent with his position in the church, but rather lest he should go too far in giving, and you might be thought to be imposing on the kindness of his heart.

It is not possible to enumerate the various ways in which he "*ministered of his substance*" to others.

Of the *poor* and *sick* he was ever mindful. To almost every fund of Methodism he directly or indirectly contributed. His pastor and family received his consideration. His young friends in the Sunday-school he was ever ready to assist, not in the form of

weekly reward, which in many instances is little else than a means of proselytism. He preferred training up the children in the idea that it was a great privilege to be a Sunday scholar, and that they ought, if they could, to reward their teachers; yet at certain times he assisted the elder children to procure Bibles or Hymn-books, bearing *one-half* of the expense himself.

He had the pleasure of seeing several young men arise out of the school who exercised their gifts as exhorters and Local Preachers. In their improvement he felt deeply interested; and as they weekly met in the Minister's house to read divinity, he very considerately supplied each young man with a volume on Systematic Theology. *Two* of these young men* are now in the Wesleyan ministry: one is labouring in the Bridgend circuit as a Local Preacher, while the fourth has joined his friend, with whom he so often and so sweetly sang on earth.

This was John C. Dyer, the eldest son of that "dear brother Dyer" to whose happy state of mind as he approached his end, reference is made in a former page. John, as soon as he could walk, attended the Sunday-school; became, when quite a lad, a member

* Revs. W. King, of Marazion, and D. Jones, of Morpeth.

of the "*little class*" which met at the close of the school; was a beautiful singer, and clung to Mr. John Price as to a father.

Before he had finished his apprenticeship as an ironmonger, he commenced preaching, and soon after left Bridgend for Worksop, in Yorkshire. Here he was placed in charge of a branch business, and won the confidence of his master by his steady and respectful demeanour. Anxious to be useful, he went forth on the Sabbath to preach Christ, and *was blest with fruit.* A severe cold, however, taken while thus engaged, settled on his lungs, and brought him in a few months to the grave.

During his stay in Worksop he wrote several letters to his dearest friend Mr. J. Price, in which he referred to past happy days; thanked him for his important and seasonable advice; acknowledged how deadening the influence of the world was to his soul; spoke highly of the Rev. Mr. Workman; expressed a hope that the work of the Lord would still go on in Bridgend, and especially in his own family; referred to the cold he had taken, his subsequent illness, and the blessed hope he had of a glorious immortality.

He returned home to witness the decline of his

"dear friend," crept out to the means of grace up to the day on which the funeral sermon was preached, when the writer saw him, too weak to sit up, but full of peace. He lingered a short time, and then "crossed the flood" and joined the ranks on the other side. How impressively true are the words of inspiration: "*Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.*" "*All flesh is grass.*"

All who in seasons of trial met with Mr. Price, were soon convinced that he had within him a kind and sympathetic heart. In the spring of 1860, the writer and his family were called to suffer sore bereavement in the death of their dearest firstborn son, who was a scholar in New Kingswood school. Three years before this, when on a visit to Bridgend, in company with his father, he spent a portion of the Sabbath in the Sunday-school, and listened most attentively to the impressive and affectionate remarks addressed by Mr. John Price to those of his class. On his way home the next day he asked his father many pointed questions respecting the nature of conversion, and his parent's heart was gladdened to observe that the Holy Spirit was evidently moving on the mind of his child. On going to New Kingswood the impressions were deepened. He earnestly sought the Lord, and the

following Easter obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of his sins.

For two years he walked in the fear of the Lord and gave unquestionable evidence of a deep and genuine piety. Hopes were cherished, by those who knew him, of his becoming an eminent servant of Christ in the work of the ministry, for he thought of nothing else; but it seemed not good in the sight of the Lord. Returning to school after Easter, he was taken ill, and in a few days passed away to his eternal rest. This severe stroke deeply affected Mr. J. Price's kind heart, for he loved Everit Osborn greatly, and deeply did he sympathize with the afflicted parents. "*Lovely and pleasant*" were they "*in their lives, and in their death they were not*" long "*divided.*" They soon met each other in a nobler church, and are now mingling their sweet voices—for Everit too was a sweet singer—with saints and seraphs before the throne of God. On earth they mixed their prayers and tears together, and are now led forth to fountains of living waters, to springs of pure and perennial joy, to visions of ever-living beauty and blessedness; and all tears, both on account of their own sins and those of others, are wiped for ever from their eyes.

The sympathies and benevolent efforts of Mr. Price

were not confined to the church of his choice. To Wesleyan Methodism, all who knew him know he was strongly attached, and unwaveringly adhered all through life. He was not given to change; yet any thing in the unsightly form of bigotry was never seen in him. He was too deeply grieved by a proselyting spirit, wherever it appeared, to indulge in it himself. "*To all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity,*" however he differed from them on minor points, he was continually saying, "GRACE BE WITH YOU." Who ever heard him speak unkindly or disrespectfully of the ministers or members of other churches? Who, of other churches, ever asked him for assistance and met with a repulse? With what readiness did he unite with others, whenever there was a probability of putting down sin, or doing good to the bodies and souls of men! In the catholicity of his heart he was an example to many filling higher positions in the church, and possessing a wider range of thought. He was "*the friend of all, the enemy of none;*" and part, at least, of the reward which he had on earth was, that he had "*many friends,*" and scarcely an enemy. Who could hate John Price? To use the words of one who knew him well.* "The

* Rev. W. Davison.

soul that did not love him must have been depraved and diseased." With the venerable Rector of Coity and Coy-church—the Rev. John Harding—he was a great favourite. They joined each other in various movements of a benevolent and entertaining nature, especially in the Sacred Concerts given in the Town-hall. Into the Union prayer-meetings which were held in connection with the gracious revival with which Bridgend, and in fact the entire Principality, was favoured in 1859-60, he threw his whole soul, and greatly rejoiced in seeing other churches as well as his own, in prosperity. These were "*times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord*," during which his peaceful and happy spirit luxuriated in the blessings of the new and better covenant. His was an "*ever-strong desire—a calmly fervent zeal:*" it never seemed to flag. How many, when their hearts have been discouraged because of the way, have felt cheered by the buoyant hope, the unwavering confidence, the untiring zeal, of our departed friend.

CHAPTER XI.

DECLINING HEALTH—VISIT TO TORQUAY—LETTERS.

> Leaves have their time to fall,
> And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
> And stars to set; but all—
> Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

It was about this time that symptoms of declining health began to show themselves, and his friends had to remind him that he ought to retire from some of his engagements, and seek rest and change of air. He was repeatedly urged, during the summer, to pay a visit to Cornwall, the soft and salubrious air of which has so often proved beneficial to persons suffering from pulmonary affections. But, like many others similarly affected, he seemed unconscious of what, to those around him, was most evident; and no change was sought till the autumn, when, with Mrs. Price, he visited Cornwall. After an absence of a month he returned, apparently much improved in

health. In a long letter, written after his return, he describes the various scenes for which Cornwall is remarkable; gives his impressions of Cornish Methodism as he saw it, and what he thought defective in the Sunday-schools. On his return he addressed himself to his much-loved work, and organized throughout the circuit the Juvenile Missionary Association to which reference has already been made. *This* was the *last pious project* which his loving heart matured and set in motion. By him it was inaugurated, but left for others to carry out. How mysterious that men of promise, living only to glorify God and breathe good will to men, should, in the midst of their days, be taken away; while others, whose only self-chosen mission on earth seems to be to spread moral disease—who are public nuisances and positive curses, live on to extreme old age! Yet "*just and true are thy ways, O King of saints.*" Reasons undoubtedly there are, though withheld from us, and what we "*know not now we shall know hereafter.*"

The benefit he derived from his visit to Cornwall did not long remain. Daily his disease advanced, and the worst fears of his friends were soon to be realized. The first thing which he was obliged to

give up was his favourite exercise of singing, keeping only to the instrument. In the house of God, in the Sunday-school, and at the head of the choir, his place was first occasionally, and then often vacant. Customers too missed him at the shop, and with saddened looks and 'bated breath' inquired how he was. *His natural cheerfulness*, however, never left him; the placid smile still rested on his countenance and the peacefulness of his soul remained undisturbed. For the sake of his youthful wife, his dear children, and the church of God, he would willingly live; for he had *lived to purpose*, and enjoyed *that* which makes life interesting and happy. But to the will of God he bowed, and in deep submission resigned himself into the Divine hands.

During this winter his cough increased, his attenuated frame grew thinner, his breathing organs sluggishly performed their functions, and hæmorrhage from the lungs soon followed. After spending a short time at Swansea with Mrs. Price's friends, where he grew worse, it was thought necessary that he should try a milder clime, and Torquay was strongly recommended.

On the 1st of April he took his last leave of Bridgend, where he had enjoyed so many happy hours, offered so many fervent prayers, and

for the benefit of the people of which he had spent twenty years of ceaseless and loving toil. This fact was, in great mercy to himself and others, concealed. Had he known that he was giving his *last kiss to his dear little ones,* and taking his final farewell of his *servants, assistants,* and *neighbours,* it would have been too much for his sensitive soul, and too much for them. The place would have been a "*Bochim;*" for there were few who knew him, however they differed on various points, however opposed to his "Methodism," or however hardened in sin, who did not regard him as a man of God and a public blessing.

He left Bridgend not knowing what would befall him elsewhere, but hoping soon to return with restored health. Others, however, had their fears; and as they saw him walk up to the Station many a heart sighed heavily, and many a tear stole down the cheek. He reached Torquay without fatigue, and placed himself under the care of the eminent Dr. Radclyffe Hall. Weak, however, as he was, he felt that there was work to be done for his Great Master, and he ought not to be idle. He therefore furnished himself with some thousands of tracts to distribute as he took his daily walks among

those who, like himself, were in quest of health, but to whom he had not strength to speak. On each of these tracts we have reason to believe a blessing was asked, and the day of the Lord Jesus will declare how much good was by them accomplished. He was "*always zealously affected in a good cause.*" If any circumstances would justify relaxation, they were his at this time; but instead of resting he embraced every opportunity of glorifying God and doing good to men.

Here the unselfishness of his aims and efforts was seen. There were not wanting those at home who would insinuate that he was only endeavouring to get to himself a name by extending the church of which he was a member. But no such motives could have prompted him in these his last labours. He attended the means of grace as often as possible, and visited also the Sunday-school. For some time he seemed to gather strength, and hope was cherished, even by Dr. Hall, that he would recover.

In a letter, dated April 6th, to his brother Philip, he spoke of the beautiful scenery around him, the favourable opinion of Dr. Hall on his case, and of the edifying services he attended at Upton church, and

the love he cherished for the Sunday-scholars at Bridgend.

He wrote again as follows :—

"Torquay, April 9, 1861.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I received your kind letter, and was pleased to find all were well at home. I am thankful to be able to report an improvement in my health. I am decidedly stronger than when I came. I enjoy my meals, and the food I take agrees with me. I have been able to go out daily. The walks around are beautiful, and we are becoming acquainted with them. Dr. Hall called to-day, and thought I was looking better. I thank God we are enabled to cast our care upon Him, and feel no anxiety about home or our dear children. I am especially pleased and thankful to have the prayers and sympathies of all our dear friends, and even of the children of the Sunday-school. Our united love to all.

"J. PRICE."

No one could at this time attend the Wesleyan chapel or Sunday-school at Bridgend without feeling the force of the words spoken by the Jews respecting Jesus, as He stood at the grave of Lazarus: "*Behold how he loved him!*" If gushing tears, and earnest and ceaseless prayers for his recovery, were a proof

of love, then Mr. John Price was a "*man greatly beloved,*" for never before was such an expression given in Bridgend.

The following letter was written to his brother William:—

April 13, 1861.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am thankful to be able to inform you of my continued improvement. The weather here has been so very favourable that we have not been prevented from going out at all. This is a delightful place; the scenery is magnificent; but from all this we turn to Nature's GOD, and find in HIM only that peace and comfort which we now need, separated as we are from our dear family and friends. It is cause for thankfulness to God that our minds are relieved from all anxiety, and we are able to cast all our care on Him who '*careth for us,*' and who '*doeth all things well.*' I cheerfully submit to his dispensations, and pray that all His gracious designs may be answered. I hope the Sunday-school is prospering, and that you are getting on nicely with the little class. O for *hearts full of love to the lambs of Christ's flock!* May many from our school be gathered into His fold, and grow up to be eminently useful in His church. I am thankful

that we have the prayers and sympathies of so many of our friends at home. We hope to hear Mr. Willis to-morrow. With kind love to your dear boys,

"I remain

"Your affectionate brother

"JOHN."

He appeared gradually to improve, for on the 18th he wrote as follows :—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am very thankful to our Heavenly Father for so many mercies, personal and relative. I think I am gradually gaining strength. I find a marked improvement in my digestive organs. Dr. Hall calls twice a week. I suppose you saw our dear children yesterday—it was George's birthday. No doubt they were very glad to see you. With love to Mary and Caroline, and also to the young men,

"I remain

"Your affectionate brother

"JOHN."

These hopes all proved illusive. Insidious disease was making sure advances. Despite the care of Dr. R. Hall, and all the appliances which medical skill

could devise, the "*foe, steady to his purpose, pursued him close through every lane of life.*" In a few days hæmorrhage again returned, and the fears of his friends were revived. With increased earnestness, prayer in public and private was made to God on his behalf, for they felt unwilling to believe that one so much beloved and full of usefulness would be taken from them. These seasons of intercession will long be remembered by many. Who can forget his *brother Robert's pleadings?* They were emboldened to say, "*He is worthy for whom Thou shouldst do this.*" How shortsighted are we! Unerring Wisdom and unbounded Love saw that he was, through the merits of his Divine and glorified Saviour, worthy of a higher place and nobler employ than anything Bridgend could offer. The decree had gone forth, and the angel was pluming his wing. He rallied a little, and strength was given to pen the following letters, which remind us of the "*ruling passion strong in death.*"

"May 9, 1861.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I was glad to receive your letter, and to find that everything was going on satisfactorily at home. The Missionary anniversary must have been a good one, judging from the pecu-

niary results. I am thankful to say I am a little better. I have been out for the first time since my last attack of hæmorrhage. It has now ceased, and I trust, with care and God's blessing upon the means used, soon to be able to take my accustomed walks. The district meeting is to be held here next week. We hope to see Mr. Williams and Mr. Heeley, who are in the district. Mr. Willis is very kind and attentive in his calls. I hope the young man will be acceptable with you. With much love to you all,

"I remain yours,

"J. PRICE."

The anticipated district meeting came, bringing his friends, but it was only to witness his extreme exhaustion. The public services to which he had looked forward with so much interest were held, but he was too weak to attend them.

On May 1st, he addressed the following letter to his nephew, Edward Morris Price, who, like himself, had very early in life given pleasing evidence of genuine piety:—

"MY DEAR EDWARD,—I was very pleased to receive your letter, and to hear of your proceedings at Bridgend. I am glad to find the tea-meeting

passed off so well in connection with the choir. I trust it will promote union among the members, and incite all to cultivate a taste for singing. The art of music, like every other, requires application and attention. How desirable is good singing in the House of God! The singing at Torquay is not good. The chapel is much larger than ours, and they have an excellent room for the Sunday-school adjoining the chapel. I wish we had a similar one at Bridgend. I suppose you are still diligent in your studies and attentive to your school duties. The knowledge you are acquiring will be essential to your success in life. *This is the seed-time,* and the harvest will be in proportion to your diligence. What a blessing that you have given your heart to God while young. *I am very thankful for this.* I hope you will grow up to be very useful to others. O what a happiness there is in *working* for Jesus! How thankful I am, and what joy I sometimes feel in looking back on past years in connection with the Sunday-school. To think that some have already landed in heaven, and that many more are on their way—*this is joy indeed.* You will find in the *Early Days* for May a short account of Everit Osborn. What a lovely character he was! How simple and

sincere his piety. I should like all our Sunday scholars to imitate him. What a school marked for its piety would it then be! We must all pray that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon us. I hope the class is going on—I am so pleased to hear from your father that you have such nice seasons. I often pray for you all.

"Your affectionate uncle

"JOHN."

To another nephew, Robert Pearson Price, the eldest son of his brother Robert, he wrote on the 11th thus:—

"MY DEAR PEARSON,—You will be glad to hear that I am now recovering from the attack I had about a week since. I am only waiting for favourable weather to go out and enjoy the fresh air, and beautiful scenery which so abounds here. We have before our sitting-room window a nice view of the Bay, and it is very interesting to watch the waves as they dash against the rocks. Part of the Quay is directly opposite our house; and vessels frequently discharge the cargoes before our window. The imports consist chiefly of coals, timber, and fish. There is also a number of small pleasure-boats, and I

expect if you were here you would like to have a sail sometimes, but the boatmen charge one shilling per hour. There is everything here for the comfort of invalids. In the winter it is very full, the climate being so much warmer than that of most other places in England or Wales. It is particularly suited for all consumptive persons, and all who have chest complaints. Two of the physicians are very clever—Drs. Hall and Tetley. The former has risen rapidly in his profession. I dare say if we knew his private and early history we should find that he was a very diligent and persevering student. You are aware I have placed myself under his care; he is very kind, and has entered very fully into my case. I trust, with God's blessing, the means used will promote my recovery, and I shall again be able *to work in the Lord's vineyard* and be instrumental in winning souls to Jesus. We want our school to be a blessing to all the children that attend it: we want them to yield themselves to the Saviour when quite young. To this great and glorious end we must have the Holy Spirit, and He is promised in answer to prayer: often have the prayers even of children prevailed with God—yes, '*showers of blessings*' have come down, and many souls have been saved. I hope,

dear Pearson, you will love prayer, and in it daily seek the blessing of God on yourself and your relatives. How sad that so many of our relatives are still unconverted. I cannot tell you how much pleasure I have in reading my Bible—*the more I read it the more I love it.* If you live to God, He will make you happy and useful. How are you getting on in music? I should like to see you a good musician as well as a good man. Have you read the *Early Days* for this month? If not, do so. You will find a short account of Everit Osborn there. What a nice lad! How well he lived, and how well he died! Would that all my nephews were like him! I conclude by wishing you every blessing. Your aunt joins me in much love to all at home.

"Your affectionate uncle

"JOHN."

Under the above date he wrote also to his brother Benjamin, for whose salvation his heart had longed for many years. That was his last letter. The hand that traced these burning thoughts was soon to lie motionless in the earth. The vital flame was flickering in the socket, and a final effort was made to "*save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of*

sins." How accordant with the whole of his life! His dying thoughts are indeed worthy of a permanent record. Most earnestly is it hoped that he who penned this final appeal may soon and for ever be assured in the scene of his rest that this "*labour was not in vain in the Lord.*"

"Torquay, May 11, 1861.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—You will be glad to hear that I have recovered from the attack which I had about a week since, and as soon as the weather is favourable I hope to go out again and enjoy my accustomed exercise. It has been raining here the whole of the morning. The day after our arrival here I placed myself under the care of Dr. C. Radclyffe Hall, who stands very high as a medical man. He examined my chest very carefully and found the upper part of my left lung affected. He prescribed medicine—cod-liver oil, &c.,—and advised me to be in the air as much as possible. The weather, with the exception of the last few days, has been very fine, and we used to enjoy our daily walks exceedingly. It is a most delightful place—so well adapted for invalids. It is a great resort in winter by consumptive patients. You would be surprised to see the large number of gentlemen's houses, villas, &c., in every direction, and no expense

is spared in their erection and in the laying-out of the grounds. They generally have a southern aspect and command a view of the sea. Our lodgings are directly opposite the Quay and Bay, and there is much to interest and amuse in the shipping, &c. Now all these are comforts and pleasures from without, *which I have enjoyed;* but how thankful I am that I have had, in my affliction, something *higher and better from above!* I have enjoyed the support which religion affords, and proved the faithfulness of my God and Saviour, whom I have endeavoured to serve when in health; and the *promises* of Scripture have been very *sweet and precious.* I have had more time for thought and prayer, and I have thought and prayed for *you.* O how I should rejoice to see *you* a Christian: a follower of that Saviour who is still '*mighty to save*'—and submitting yourself to that God who is still ready to forgive. Are you not weary of sin, tired of the devil's service? Have you found any *real pleasure* yet in the pursuits of the world? God has blessed the labour of your hands, and given you success in life: you have added field to field and house to house, gold and silver. Do these satisfy? How true is the language of Paul!—Tim. vi. 9, 10:—"They that *will* be rich fall into *temptation* and *a snare,* and

into many *foolish* and *hurtful lusts*, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the *love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.*" I know your judgment and conscience are convinced of the importance of these things. You have had *light, conviction*, and the *striving* of the Holy Spirit. At times you have been 'almost persuaded to be a Christian'; but you have not yet yielded to those convictions and strivings; you have been rebellious and stubborn. When you were young, Satan persuaded you that you were *too young;* now perhaps he tells you that you are *too old—it is too late.* Thank God, it is not: Christ has *died* for *you.* He is now at the right hand of God, pleading for *you*, and God is ready with open arms to receive his long lost, rebellious, and prodigal son. Angels and departed spirits are waiting to rejoice over your salvation as another trophy of redeeming grace. '*There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.*' 'Blessed be God,' this man 'JESUS' receiveth sinners still. You have long been thirsting. O come to the waters. '*Seek ye the Lord*' now '*while He may be found,*' &c. (Isa. lv. 6.) Christ with all His mercy,

God who gave His Son to die for you, Heaven with all its joys, invite you *now, to-day,* to be saved by grace alone. O yield at once, and lay down the weapons of your rebellion.

Anne Irene joins me in kind love to yourself, Alfred, and Edwin.

"I remain

"Your affectionate brother

"JOHN."

CHAPTER XII.

DEATH—INTERMENT.

The Angel of the Covenant was come,
And faithful to his promise stood,
Prepared to walk with (him) through death's dark vale.
And now his eyes grew bright, and brighter still—
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many a tear, and closed without a cloud.

THE "hope" expressed in the above letter of "going out again and enjoying his accustomed exercise," was soon cut off. Hæmorrhage again returned, and so violently, that, to use the words of Dr. Hall, "*irretrievable havoc*" was made "*upon the structure of the previously diseased lungs.*" The district meeting came, and his old friend and pastor, the Rev. C. Williams, called on him, but was so affected at seeing him in such weakness that, with the concurrence of Mrs. Price, he at once wrote to his friends in Bridgend, informing them of his danger. His brother Philip and Mrs. Robert Price left home immediately,

and on the following day reached Torquay. They found him in great prostration, and were welcomed in a *whisper* with his *usual smile*, and without the least excitement. His weakness was extreme. Now and then he would revive a little, and faint gleams of hope would cheer his friends; but at length his appetite was gone, and for a week or two extreme debility brought on great suffering. His only complaint, however, was that weakness prevented him from *praying as he was wont.* "*I have not strength to pray,*" he would say, "*but I am trusting in my Saviour's merits.*" At other times, when he found his mind wandering, he would look up and say, "*The Lord knoweth my heart—I would take a firmer hold of Jesus.*" At these times he stretched forth his shrivelled hand, as if about to grasp his Saviour.

As soon as his strength returned, he wished to hear the Bible read, and greatly enjoyed it. "There was nothing," says Mrs. Robert Price, who was with him to the last, "which seemed so to impress us as the way in which he would *lift up his hands and eyes* to Heaven, in asking a blessing on his food and wine. I refer to it, because the *spirit* in which it was done comes fresh to my mind with every meal I take. He

told me, at different times, that he could not speak of ecstasy, but his mind was kept in peace, trusting in Christ, and holding sweet communion with his heavenly Father. He seemed fully to realize the prayer of that sweet hymn, '*Bid me even in sleep go on.*'

"Lying on a mattress near him, I was on one occasion awoke by the sweetest strains of adoration that ever fell on my ears. The words, 'PRECIOUS JESUS—PRECIOUS JESUS—PRAISE THE LORD,' broke forth in sweet succession from his dying lips. The room seemed filled with God, and I felt afraid to breathe, lest the sacredness should be disturbed. Two hours after, he told me of the gracious season he had enjoyed with God."

Dr. Radclyffe Hall, in a letter to Mr. P. Price, says: "Your brother interested me greatly, as a man and as a physician. He was so *calm, resigned,* and *equable* in disposition, saw everything *in its cheeriest and best aspect,* was so thoroughly reasonable and free from gloominess and crotchets, that every one must have felt a warm personal regard for him."

He lingered till Friday, June 21st. On this day there was nothing to indicate the near approach of death; no violent antagonism of *flesh and spirit,* no agonizing struggles between the "*fond pair,*" no fierce

onslaughts of the "*adversary.*" The storms of life—for he had them, though fewer far than most men—were all hushed. How calm his exit—

> Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
> Nor weary, worn-out winds expire more soft.

His saddened wife and sister had gone for a short walk in the open air; another watchful attendant had retired, at his request. It was but a minute or two; on her return he was dying—

> She looked—he was dead,
> His spirit had fled,
> Painless and swift as his own desire;
> The soul, undress'd
> From her mortal vest,
> Had stepp'd into her car of heavenly fire;
> And proved how bright
> Were the realms of light
> Bursting at once upon the sight.

Mrs. Price returned from her walk, but it was to find herself a *widow*, and to realize the stern and heart-breaking fact that her little ones were "*fatherless.*" The scene was a touching one. O the *stillness of that room!* The purified spirit had flown, and the fleshly tabernacle lay in all the helplessness of death. Jesus had fulfilled His promise: "*I will come again and receive you to Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.*" Having led him for more than twenty

years "by His counsel," He now received him "to glory." Those *eyes*, which had *beamed* with so much *benevolence* were closed to earth for ever, but the scenes of a brighter world had now opened on the vision of the enraptured soul. That *tongue* on which "*the law of kindness*" had held such undisputed sway was silent in death, but the redeemed soul had caught the harmonies of heaven, and was uniting with the great multitude in swelling the song of praise to Christ. That *hand*, which had so often and so sweetly swept the "*instrument of many strings*," was now motionless, but the freed spirit was among the immortal "*harpers*," whom John heard "*harping with their harps.*" O what a mighty change had passed upon him!

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes;
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave upon the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

When the tidings of his death reached Bridgend, there was one general expression of grief. Few indeed there were who did not feel that they had lost a friend. From the time that alarming symptoms appeared, there were daily and hourly inquiries of the kindest sort—all the congregations of the town pleaded with God on his behalf, and if prayers could have kept him, he would still be here. But now they "sorrowed most of all, because they should see his face no more." As a mark of the respect in which he was held by his townsmen, the shops were partially closed from the time of his death to the day of interment, when they were entirely so. Through the prompt efforts of Mr. Harvey, the contractor, assisted by the Rev. C. Willis, whose kind attentions will long be gratefully remembered, his mortal remains, accompanied by several members of the family, left Torquay on Saturday night, and reached Bridgend early on Sunday morning.

This was a *sad* Sabbath to many, but especially so to the young people connected with the Sunday-

school and Wesleyan chapel. During the school hours there was little else than weeping, and many involuntarily exclaimed, "*My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.*"

As his remains were lying at his brother's house in Cae-court, which is near the school-room, the favour was asked by the teachers and children, to be allowed to pass through the room, and take one more look at him they so much loved. The procession was allowed to pass from the lawn through the chamber of death, each young mourner catching a sight of the well-known face beneath the glass cover of the coffin. It was an affecting sight. Many tears were shed, and many prayers were offered, not for the departed, but that the living might have grace "to follow" him as he "followed Christ," and that his mantle might fall on those who survived him. The funeral took place on Thursday, June 27th, 1861, and was attended by the Day and Sunday-schools, and a large number of the inhabitants of the town. The writer was soon after called to improve the occasion, by preaching a funeral sermon from 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14, to a crowded congregation, composed of members of the various churches and congregations of the place.

Thus lived and died Mr. John Price, leaving to all who knew him, and through these Memoirs to many to whom he was not known, an example of pure and unaffected piety, of even but ardent zeal, of unobtrusive yet extensive usefulness, and of serene victory over death. He had kept the word of Christ's patience, and Christ kept him, at the close of his pilgrimage, *from* the hour of temptation. In the vigour of health he had "*considered the poor*," and "the Lord strengthened him upon the bed of languishing. He made all his bed in his sickness." For several years he gave "all diligence," adding to his "faith, virtue, and to virtue, knowledge, and to knowledge, temperance," &c., and then there was an "abundant entrance administered unto him into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

It can scarcely be said that he saw death. From his letters it is evident that up to the last he felt persuaded that God might raise him up and restore his health. This arose, no doubt, from the flattering nature of the disease from which he suffered; but we see the good hand of his God upon him for good in this respect. Had he lain long at the gates of death, awaiting his departure, there would have been a

deep commingling of holy rapture at the prospect of being with Jesus, and heartrending grief at leaving behind him his beloved wife and dear children. From both these he was preserved; most gradually he came down; the final hour was unknown to himself and to those around, so that he—

> Had not a single pang at parting,
> Nor saw the tear of sorrow starting,
> Nor heard the quivering lips that bless'd him,
> Nor felt the hand of love that press'd him.

And was it not just such a death as Mr. John Price might be expected to die?

The Rev. Charles Willis, who saw him often during the last two or three months of his life, writes as follows:—

"My intercourse with the late Mr. John Price was restricted to his temporary sojourn at Torquay for the benefit of his health. At my first interview with him I was not at all apprehensive that 'his sickness would be unto death,' and thought he would soon regain his strength, but the autumn of his life was come, and it was beautifully rich—

> With golden fruit,
> With ripe millennial love.

He much enjoyed the lovely scenery of this neigh-

bourhood, appreciated good conversation, but was evidently most delighted when communing upon spiritual subjects. Then with unfettered freedom and delightful ease he spoke out of the abundance of his heart with clearness and power. The different agencies in the vineyard of the Lord had engaged his attention, and spiritual progress in any department was to him an occasion of pure joy. He impressed me as '*an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.*' He was calm and bright as one who had long walked in communion with God. Every day there was the same rich, matured, high-toned spirituality. The Christian religion had evidently pervaded his whole being; his conversation was habitually in heaven; and when the hæmorrhage of his lungs became violent and alarming, there was nothing approaching to fear in him, but the same *divine placidity* and *entire confidence* in God. If it had been the Lord's will, he wished to live a little longer upon the earth, but he had the most unshaken confidence in the Divine will as *wise* and *good*, and *thankfully acquiesced in it.* With much physical suffering and restlessness there were indications that patience had its perfect work; and the sweet calmness he daily manifested, the *clear, steady, strong, heavenly* light that

shone so brightly round about him, with the holy joyousness so uniformly exhibited, have ever made me think of him as one who would feel quite at home with the *spirits of the just made perfect*, and the pure intelligences of the heavenly world."

CONCLUSION.

HAVING imperfectly traced the course of Mr. John Price's life up to its close, it only remains for us to draw from it those lessons which it most plainly teaches. Do we not see here—

1. *A living and satisfactory evidence of the truth and reality of our Holy Christianity?* There is a sense in which Christianity is still on its trial. Men are still to be found, even in this country, who are not satisfied with its historical evidence, who affirm that it has not met the wants of the world—that it is, in fact, a failure. Our reply is, that it has in every case met the wants of man where it has been fairly tried. No system can fairly be said to fail, the principles of which have never been fully wrought out; and it is not surprising that Christianity should fail to meet the case of those who, while making a profession of it, yield themselves up to the influence of principles as opposite to it as darkness is to light. Show us the man whose whole soul is permeated by its spirit, and whose whole life is

regulated by its laws, and we shall see one to whom it has been all that it professes to be.

Such was Mr. J. Price. From the days of his youth he yielded himself up to its power. To its teaching his intellect bowed, and according to its principles the whole of his inward and outward life was governed. And was it a failure to him? What was the result of its "effectual working"? It made him a gentle, amiable, kind-hearted *man;* a good, faithful, and affectionate *husband;* a considerate, just, and judicious *master;* an honest, upright, and successful *tradesman;* and an enlightened, large-hearted, and philanthropic *member of civil society.* It made his *home happy,* his *soul serene,* and his whole *life placid* and *useful.* Under its influence he was respectful to his *superiors,* loyal to his *sovereign,* kind to the *poor,* attentive to the *sick,* and deeply interested in the improvement of the *young.* Nor was he disappointed when he came to *die.* His *peace* was unbroken—it flowed like *a river;* and full of hope he passed away.

Surely a religion which does all this for its possessor is worthy of all acceptation. And who will say that it will not do for another what it did for our late friend? We know it *will.* We know it *does.* Many

thousands on earth at this hour are realizing all the comfort, and exhibiting all the fruits of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ which John Price enjoyed and presented. And when this shall become universal, will not our earth be again turned to Paradise? We want no *new* dispensation. A race of men of the stamp of the subject of these Memoirs would present all that the most glowing predictions of Holy Scripture encourage us to expect, or all that our hearts can desire on earth. Haste, happy day, when all shall *thus* know the Lord: then "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," "and the whole earth shall be full of His glory."

2. *We see here also the great importance of an early devotion to Christ.* What if Mr. J. Price had given himself to God at the age of thirty instead of fifteen! How different would have been the results! Through the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" he would have been saved. But who can say how much of keen remorse and mental suffering would have followed so many years wasted in sin? What painful struggles would deep-rooted habits of evil have called forth! How much less fitted would he have been for the service of the Church! How different an

example would he have left behind him! How many who, through his instrumentality, are now filling important spheres of usefulness on earth, would have been still in the world corrupting themselves and others! We may go further, and ask, How many whom he has already met in the heavenly Paradise, as the fruit of his efforts, might have perished in their sins for ever and ever! And how much lighter would be his eternal reward! Reader, are you young in years and yet undecided on the subject of religion? Then we ask you to pause, and calmly consider the matter. The Spirit of God is moving on your heart, but the world is presenting her attractions and temptations, so that you are in a strait betwixt two. Oh, how much depends on the steps you now take! Can you propose to yourself any course of life so beautiful and blessed, so consistent and honourable, so worthy of a creature endowed with reason, and hastening to eternity, as that presented in these pages? John Price lived to purpose, and so may you. He laid himself out for others, and received no small reward on earth, to be ever brightening and augmenting through eternity, and so may you. Oh, decide for God! Halt no longer between two opinions. Begin, and begin now, and that in earnest.

3. *We are reminded, too, of the advantages of an earnest piety.* Not a few young persons begin well; but listening to the voice of the tempter, or looking at professing Christians around them, they fall into a trimming, trifling spirit, and make little or nothing out in religion. If Christianity is not true, then have nothing to do with it: if it is true, its claims are supreme —it demands our undivided hearts and energies. It is to John Price's earnestness, and diligent perseverance, more than to anything else, that his influence over those around him is to be attributed. Every one who came within the circle of his influence felt that religion was to him more than a name—it was a solemn reality. Hence with a limited range of reading, and a mind of ordinary calibre, he wielded a powerful influence for good on all around him. His earnestness was seen in the regularity with which he attended the public means of grace, family and private prayer, and all the duties arising out of the offices which he held in the Church of God. Nothing was done in a cold official spirit; and if those who look back with so much admiration on his character, will adopt the means which he used, they will soon realize the same grace, for there is no "respect of persons with God." Spend as much time in your closet with God as he

did; be as punctual, earnest, and simple in your family devotions as he was; listen as attentively, believingly, and prayerfully to the preached Word as he did, and you will soon have the same power over self and sin, the same peace of mind and joy in the Holy Ghost; you will, in a word, "grow up into Christ, who is your living Head, until," like him, "you come to the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Above all, begin *where* he began: "In repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." Live as he lived, and your last end will be like his. Yes, of you it shall be sung, as we now sing of him:—

Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy master's joy.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

LETTERS.

THE following letters of condolence which were received soon after Mr. Price's decease may very properly find a place in this little volume.

The first was from Mr. David Thomas, who remembered the obligations he was under to the deceased, and hastened to give expression to the feelings of his heart.

"Frome, June 25, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have just heard that one of my best earthly friends has passed away. The sad occurrence has, no doubt, cast a gloom over the whole neighbourhood, and plunged you all in the deepest sorrow. I know you are not in a frame of mind to read a long letter, but you will permit me to express my condolence and sympathy with you in your painful bereavement. May you all receive grace and strength from on high to enable you to say, 'Thy will be done!' I feel that I have been laid under great obligations to him who is now no more. He was the

first to take me by the hand and to lead me to the Saviour. And how many can bear the same testimony! How many will be the crown of his rejoicing in that day when the Lord Jesus shall come to make up his jewels! I am sure he will be embalmed in the memories of many who were brought to Christ through his instrumentality. But he is gone to his reward. To him, I know, death was infinite gain; but to you, to the school, to the church, it has been a loss—an irreparable loss. I know his heart and soul were always in the great work of training the young for heaven. I received a letter from him about five or six weeks ago, breathing the true spirit of devotion, and imploring the descent of the Holy Ghost upon all the Sabbath-schools of the land. Little did I then think his end was so near! Oh, that the mantle of the departed may fall upon some of those he has left to mourn his loss! Oh, that others may imbibe the same spirit, keep the same object in view, and labour with the same earnestness and zeal. I pray that God may raise up some one to occupy the post he so honourably sustained for a great number of years. Being an old scholar of your Sabbath-school, and one who always felt greatly attached to your late brother, I could not refrain from

giving some faint expression to the feelings of my heart, and I am sure you will excuse me.

"I remain, with kind regards,

"Yours very truly,

"P. Price, Esq." "D. THOMAS.

On the same day the Rev. Henry M. Harvard, under whose ministry, in the year 1841, Mr. John Price was brought to a saving acquaintance with God, writes—

"Church-street, Stoke Newington,
July 25, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was glad to see your handwriting once more, and to think of old and happy associations of thought so long connected with yourself and circle and neighbourhood. But how constantly are we reminded by the removal of friends, that this is not our dwelling-place, nor theirs. One passes away after another, and we, too, shall of course follow. I remember well your late brother as a good youth at Bridgend, and am thankful that he has finished well. I had not the pleasure of knowing his widow, but remember me kindly to her, and assure her, upon the best (that is, upon Scriptural) authority, of the care of God while she cleaves to Him.

We pray for the life of our friends; but when they are really taken away from us what an infinite satisfaction it is to know that they are resting in heaven; and you may, dear sir, have this satisfaction respecting more than one. Please to remember me very affectionately to as many of your circle, both at Bridgend and Lantwit, as are still in the land of the living. Be assured that I remember you all with very happy interest, and shall be glad to see you, or any of your family at any time. Mrs. Harvard joins me in kind love; and

"I am, dear Mr. Price,

"Yours very truly,

"P. Price, Esq." "H. M. HARVARD.

The following day the Rev. C. Williams, who had known him intimately for several years, and had seen him in great weakness at Torquay, wrote as follows:—

"Bideford, June 26, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to express to you my own and Mrs. W.'s deep sympathy with you in the distressing bereavement you have been called to sustain. The strong attachment you always felt and manifested to Mr. John, will make his loss to *you*

peculiarly painful. As a family you will feel it; as a society, as a town, as a neighbourhood, but especially as a *brother;* and yet amidst all this grief and sorrow, what a mercy that life's great end was realized! He had not lived to *himself*, as too many do, but for others—others in a more eminent manner than is common. He manifested the liveliest interest in the welfare of all around him, but especially the young; and many will have to thank God for the sweetly persuasive manner in which he was wont to appeal to them, to induce them to turn to God. I shall not soon forget the many times of refreshing we had amongst the young together in the little vestry prayer-meetings, when one and another found peace with God. I found him in a sweetly resigned frame of mind at Torquay, waiting to know the will of God, and I doubt not but his prospect brightened as he got nearer to his end. He is now at rest, and doubtlessly looks back over life's journey with adoring gratitude to God.

"To all the members of your large family connections, please to present my kindest sympathy, and the assurance of my prayers that when they come to die, it may be 'in sure and certain

hope' of a blessed immortality, such as we have in reference to him.—Believe me, my dear Sir, very affectionately yours,

"P. Price, Esq." "CHARLES WILLIAMS.

The following letter is from Mr. W. B. Eldridge, who, having several years conducted the day-schools at Bridgend and Toudû, had ample opportunity of forming an estimate of Mr. John Price's character and worth.

"Maidstone, June 27, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have just seen the death of your dear brother, Mr. John, announced in the *Watchman*, and although very ill myself, I cannot allow the post to go out without a few lines expressive of my sympathy with you and the family generally under this very heavy bereavement.

"I was not at all prepared for tidings so afflictive; for although I had heard through you that he had gone to Torquay for his health, I was not at all aware that he was in such a critical state. And now, my dear sir, what can I say to console you under such an *irreparable* loss? I have often thought that there was a great deal of propriety as well as dignity in the solemn silence observed by Job's three friends. "They

spake not to him, for they saw his grief was great.' And such at times seems the most befitting conduct when we first visit 'the house of mourning.' The blow has fallen so heavily on the stricken heart, that even the attentions and sympathies of friends seem oppressive. But I trust ere this, my dear sir, in some degree 'the bitterness of death is past,' and you are looking up to heaven, and saying (though it be with tears), 'Father, thy will be done!' For the dear departed we can have no regrets.

Our friend is gone before
To that celestial shore;
He hath left his mates behind,
  He hath all the storms outrode,
Found the rest we toil to find,
  Landed in the arms of God.

Gain, infinite, eternal gain is his—the loss is to his family, the church, and the world. Often have I remarked, if there was one individual more than another that seemed necessary to the prosperity and growth of the Bridgend Society, it was your dear brother. 'But God's thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are our ways His ways.' 'Tis still true, 'God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform;' but amid all the darkness, there are some thoughts which cheer. What a mercy that the Lord called him

when so young into His vineyard, and that he proved so successful a labourer, so honoured an instrument for good among the young! Many, I believe, will be the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord. What a pleasing thought it is that he lived so in the esteem and affection of all his neighbours, that no man will be more missed or more sincerely lamented! For my own part, I can hardly realize the mournful fact. He was so associated in my mind with everything that was good at chapel, Sabbath-school, or town-hall, that I fancy Bridgend would never seem the same to me again. Tell dear Mrs. John how much we think of her, feel for her, and pray that the God of all grace and mercy would with his own kind, loving hand, bind up the wounds of her aching, desolate heart. I trust this solemn dispensation will not be lost on myself. I have been out of health for many weeks: I am going to Devon for a few days' change, and hope to return the better for it; but I cannot tell—I must leave all in wiser and better hands. This is my experience and prayer:—

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy hands I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

"When you have recovered a little from the severity of the stroke, and feel adequate to the task, a few particulars of the last hours of dear Mr. John will be very much prized by me. My dear wife joins with me in every expression of sympathy with yourself and all the family.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Yours, as ever,

"P. Price, Esq." "W. B. ELDRIDGE.

The Rev. William Davison, to whom reference has been more than once already made, wrote the following kind and characteristic letter :—

"Huddersfield, July 17, 1861.

"MY DEAR MR. PRICE,—I am truly grieved to hear of the sad loss which you, as a family, and the church at Bridgend, have sustained, in the early removal of your dear youngest brother. How unexpected—the youngest first! He was indeed a most excellent, amiable, interesting, and loveable youth, when I had the pleasure of knowing him, in 1844—6; and I gather from the mournful yet pleasing card which has been sent to me, that he had maintained

his Christian course and his amiable qualities, which made him one that every one must love. The soul that did not love John Price must have been depraved and diseased. How kind, how gentle, how affectionate was he in all his deportment, when I knew him! And then in the Sabbath-school how did he toil, and sing the sweet songs of Zion! Well, my dear friend, he is singing more sweetly now. His voice is freed from the mournful cadences of earth, and is tuned for ever to the Song of the Lamb above. You do 'not sorrow as those who have no hope:' 'Your brother shall rise again;' and even now his spirit lives. Ere this, my sainted wife and he have met, and your sainted wife as well, and have sung together the high praises of the Redeemer whose love they celebrated together on earth in the first sphere of labour in which my dear Sarah was placed after our union.

"May God comfort your heart, my dear friends, and with this new tie to heaven, may your path be that of the just, shining more and more to the perfect day.

"This is a busy week; but I much wished just to send these hasty lines, to assure you of my regard,

and prayers that all blessings may abound to your bereaved circle. With much love to you all,

"I remain

"Your affectionate and sympathizing friend,

"P. Price, Esq." "W. DAVISON.

The Rev. James Mayer also addressed the following very touching letter to the bereaved widow.

"Wesley Mount, Stockport, June 29, 1861.

"MRS. JOHN PRICE.

"Dear Madam,—This morning's post brought me a card announcing the death of your departed and sainted husband. Though personally unknown to you, I cannot allow this day to pass without assuring you of my sincere and warm sympathy. Your loss is indeed a great one. I knew Mr. John well during my three years' residence in Bridgend, and often admired his guileless mind, his natural simplicity, his unceasing interest in the work of God, and his special solicitude for the young. It is your rich comfort to know that he lived, esteemed of man, honoured of God, and is now for ever with his Saviour. As one of his old ministers, I thank God for a life so

pure, a death so peaceful, and a future so blessed. May our gracious Lord comfort and sustain you in this mysterious and heavy dispensation! This world will appear to you under a new aspect; but I will not widen the wound death has made by remarks on the light in which you now view all earthly things. Your widowed heart must feel strangely desolate. I trust that religion which adorned and sustained your departed husband, will support and console you. Let me remind you that the blessed Spirit is 'The Comforter.' May you and your fatherless children ever feel Him near!

"If, at any time, I can serve you in anything, or your dear children, I beg you will command my services, which shall be cheerfully rendered.

"Please present my kindest sympathy to your dear husband's relatives, who must feel this event next to yourself. I pray that the blessed Jesus may sanctify it to you all. Mrs. M. unites with me in every expression of Christian condolence. The Lord bless you and all that are yours, for ever.

"I remain, dear Madam,

"Yours truly,

"JAMES MAYER."

From Mr. William Dingley.

"Sherborne, July 18, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR;—The memento of mortality I received a few days ago produced surprise and unaffected grief. I had seen the death of your late excellent brother announced in the *Watchman*, but I could not bring my mind to believe what now appears a stern reality. When I last saw him he looked, as I thought, remarkably well, and though appointed to die, it was not supposed the appointment would take place so soon. Your late brother, in matters of religion, was considerably in advance of more than a few, and the church of his choice may well pour tears upon his grave. With him religion was not simply emotional—it grasped his whole nature: there was no affectation, no deceptive glare, but the principles of truth, generosity, and humility were beautifully displayed. The loss to his dear sorrowing widow and family, and also to the church, must indeed be very great. Having myself been taught in sorrow's lessons, believe me, I am not a stranger to what you now feel. Sincerely do I sympathize with you, and would offer my condolence, especially to the widow and fatherless. I have no

doubt but the stroke would be prostrating indeed, were you not sustained by the Everlasting arms. You will not fail to remember the truth that your loss is his eternal gain. Will you kindly, my dear Sir, present my sincere and Christian respects to Mrs. Price, to whom I am a comparative stranger, and assure her of my warmest sympathy, and also to the others of your interesting family.

"Believe me

"Yours very sincerely,

"P. Price, Esq." "WILLIAM DINGLEY.

CONSOLATION FOR THE BEREAVED.

A SERMON

DELIVERED IN THE BRIDGEND WESLEYAN CHAPEL,

ON THE

DEATH OF THE LATE MR. JOHN PRICE.

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1 THESSALONIANS iv. 13, 14.

"*But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.*"

"IT is appointed unto men"—unto all men—"once to die." Of all that have lived on earth there have been but two exceptions, the antediluvian Enoch, who walked with God 300 years and preached to men, and Elijah, a man mighty in prayer and fearless in rebuke. These were taken to heaven without seeing death. Nor have we any reason to believe that there will be another until "the trumpet shall sound," and the living "be changed." "One generation passeth away and

another cometh." "All flesh is grass." "But dieth the wise man as the fool dieth?" Dieth the righteous man as the sinner dieth? Nay. Between the two there is a striking contrast. To the one death is gain—unspeakable, infinite, eternal gain; to the other it is loss—utter, irretrievable, endless loss. Our text refers to death, but it is to the death of the righteous. And the occasion on which we are met is one of peculiar interest, seeing it is to improve the death of a Christian, and a Christian of no ordinary type. God has been pleased to remove from among you one who was "greatly beloved," whose name will be embalmed in your memories and hearts, and handed down to generations yet unborn. If, as we are told, "devout men carried Stephen to his grave, and made great lamentation over him;" if it is mentioned as a mark of degenerate days that the "righteous pass away, and no man layeth it to heart," then it would not be right to allow such an one as our late dear departed friend and brother, John Price, to depart from us without the tribute of a tear. But we "would not have you to be ignorant concerning them which "sleep in Jesus," that you—his bereaved widow and little ones—you, his affectionate friends and relatives —you, the young people connected with the school

and choir—"sorrow not, even as others which have no hope," &c.

In expounding this passage we shall observe—

I.—The *interesting metaphor under which the death of the Christian is here represented;* namely, "*sleep;*" them which are asleep, "*that sleep in Jesus.*" The inspired writers seem fond of this figure. Dimly as spiritual things were revealed in Old Testament times, the death of good men was spoken of as *sleep.* "Thou shalt sleep with thy fathers." (2 Sam. vii. 12.) "Many of them that *sleep* shall awake" (Dan. xii. 1); and when "life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel," the figure was retained—"our friend Lazarus *sleepeth.*" Of Stephen we read, "When he had said this, he fell *asleep.*" "We shall not all *sleep.*" "We who are alive shall not prevent them that are *asleep.*" We never find it, however, employed to describe the death of the sinner. Such are said to be "*driven away,*" to be "*carried away as with a flood.*" "*Destruction*" stands at their bedside. "*Hell moves to meet them.*" Read the eighteenth and twentieth chapters of Job. To the *good man,* death comes as sleep; and yet to *him* it applies only with certain limitations. It is to the body, and not to the

soul, that it is appropriate. According to the teaching of the Bible, the soul, so far from falling asleep at death, thereby acquires a vigour, a freedom, and a felicity it could never enjoy in connection with the body. If this were not the case, wherein would the "gain" of dying consist? In what sense would it be "far better to depart and be with Christ"? On what ground could the Apostle Paul so earnestly "desire" it. It was not that he would be "unclothed, but clothed upon." "We are confident," said he, "and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." But the figure, when applied to the body, is beautiful and significant. It reminds us that death to the Christian is, 1. *Placid in its approach.* 2. *Refreshing in its effects.* 3. And *temporary in its duration.*

1. The approach of death to the Christian is *placid* and *peaceful.* It is sleep. Who ever trembles at the approach of sleep? We rather welcome it. It comes so softly, it steals over us so gently, sealing up, ere we are aware, our senses to surrounding things. So comes death to the good man. True, there was a time when the very thought disturbed him; when it had a "*sting.*" But since by faith he saw the

Saviour, and rested his soul on Him, the sting is gone, and death has been regarded as one of his immunities: it is found in the inventory of his privileges. It cannot be denied that some of God's most faithful servants have been called to meet death under very *revolting circumstances*. They have been cast to the lions; they have been burnt at the stake; they have been racked by engines of torture; they have been stoned with stones. These, however, have been but the *circumstances* of death, not death itself. *Through all these* they have looked, and have seen death coming slowly up, and have urged him to quicken his pace. Stephen was stoned, and yet "*he fell asleep;*" his happy spirit peacefully passed away amid the cruelties and the cursings of wicked men.

But these are not the ordinary circumstances under which God's people die. Ordinarily, they come down like a ripe shock of corn in its season; having around them kind officiating friends who smooth their dying pillow,—and then, how much like *sleep?* Or, why the *muffled knocker?* why *tread so softly in that room?* why hang with bated breath "o'er the couch of sinking frail humanity"? Why? Our *friend is falling asleep.* We are anxious to know the final

moment—to mark the last pulse, but so much like sleep is its approach that often before we are aware, *he* is gone.

2. *Sleep is refreshing.* To the weary workman, to the merchant after the din and dust of business, to the suffering invalid, how refreshing is sleep! It is indeed "tired Nature's kind restorer." When it comes, the stir and strife, the "noise and show," the cares and troubles of life are hushed in silence, and we take our rest. So is it with the Christian when death comes. "Go thou thy way," said the angel to Daniel, "for thou *shalt rest.*" "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, 'Write. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord . . . that they may *rest* from their labours." From the curse of labour none of Adam's sons, any more than himself, are exempted. We are so constituted, both physically and socially, that if we exempt ourselves we only bring a heavier curse. We must either wear out or rust out, and of the two the former is much to be preferred.

Many of Christ's followers are poor, and have to labour hard to earn their bread: others are called to prosecute severe studies which are "a weariness to the flesh:" while all, in a greater or less degree, are

engaged in works of benevolence, *in* which, though not *of* which, they are often weary. But death ends all labour of every kind. Then

> The languishing head is at rest,
> Its achings and thinkings are o'er,
> The quiet immovable breast
> Is heaved by afflictions no more.

No more searchings after knowledge; no more long and wearying walks in doing good; no more family cares, nor church anxieties, nor conflicts with the devil, nor insults from wicked men, nor fear of falling.

> The spirit *rests* with saints above,
> The body in the tomb.

3. *Sleep is temporary in its duration.* Why are we so pleased to fall asleep? Because we believe we shall wake up again. Some talk of an eternal sleep: it is a contradiction. If it is eternal, it is not sleep, but something else. If there is to be no resurrection, then death is not a sleep at all: the very idea supposes a waking up again. How long the night of death will be, we know not; but long or short, it will pass away, and the morning will break upon us. "Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice,

and shall come forth." John v. 28. "Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised." 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52.

O what an awaking up will that be! The "vile body" vile no longer; but *changed, fashioned, made* to *resemble* the *glorified body of Jesus.* It fell asleep "in corruption;" it awakes "in incorruption:" it fell asleep in "weakness;" it awakes "in power:" it fell asleep "a natural body;" it awakes "a spiritual body." "Corruption has put on incorruption," and "death is swallowed up in victory." And why should we "marvel at this"? Are there not astonishing modifications of matter in a thousand forms around us? Here is a seed, a bulb, a small unsightly thing: you bury it in the earth, and in a few weeks it comes forth a blooming, beautiful, fragrant flower. You take your child into your garden, and a small disagreeable insect is creeping across your path which your child might in a moment crush. You wait awhile, and that insect has fallen asleep in its chrysalis: let spring arrive, and you will see it bursting its shell, and coming forth a bright and beautiful creature, basking in the sunshine, and gathering sweetness

from every flower. How difficult to persuade your child that that beautiful butterfly was the unsightly worm he saw a short time before! "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" See the Christian weeping over his sins, struggling with temptation, racked with pain, crushed with care, despised by mortals; his life "accounted madness, and his end without honour." But he falls asleep: the night rolls on, the morning breaketh. Lo! the voice of the Archangel, the trump of God is heard. The bands of death are broken; the bolts of the grave fly back, and forth he comes with a body brighter than the sun, nimble as lightning, and subtle as a ray of light. "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

If this is the case then,

II.—*Immoderately to mourn for those who are asleep in Jesus is unreasonable and inconsistent.* "I would not have you ignorant, &c., that ye sorrow not as others, which have no hope." He does not say, "I would not have you sorrow *at all.*" No; Jesus Himself *wept* at the grave of his friend, and the people said, "*Behold how he loved him!*" And when

those we love are taken from us, we are not forbidden to weep. It is one of the merciful provisions of nature that we can do so. But "we sorrow not as others, which have no hope."

1. Not as the heathen. They are without hope. They have never heard of "Jesus and the resurrection." Some vague ideas of a future state flit at times across the mind, but again they are in darkness; so that when they lose a friend, they have lost him for ever; there is no hope of seeing him again.

2. Nor are we to sorrow as those whose friends die in their sins. The apostle does not tell us how we are to sorrow for such. It was a point too painful for him to touch. When this takes place, the sorrow is excessive. It is a cup of unmingled gall. What *can* comfort such? David felt it deeply when his favourite but rebellious son was taken away. His heart was broken, and in a paroxysm of grief he exclaimed, "O Absalom, my son, my son! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" But we sorrow not as such for our deceased friend and brother. To do so would imply great ignorance of the perfections and character of God, of the offices and work of

our Lord Jesus Christ, of the provisions and promises of the Gospel, and of the character of the departed.

This brings us to a consideration of,

III.—*The reasons assigned by the apostle in the text.* "*For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.*" We are comforted respecting our departed friends by the consideration that they are "*in Jesus*" and "*with Jesus.*" Their bodies "sleep in Jesus," that is, in His care. He watches over their dust, and their souls are "*with Him*" in heaven. To doubt this is to call in question the plainest teaching and most comforting truths of the Holy Scripture. Even David felt assured that after God had led him by his "*counsel,*" he would "*receive*" him "*to glory.*" This is what Jesus prayed for. "I will, Father, that they whom thou hast given me be *with me*, that they may behold my glory." The Burial Service, in language of inimitable beauty, recognises the fact. "O God, with whom do *live* the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the *souls* of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity," &c. In the following chapter, which is but a continuation of the same discourse, we have it

most clearly set forth. "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should *live together with Him.*" Who can say how much is included in these words—"live together with Him"? Well might the apostle add, "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." It implies:—

1. *A sight of his person.* What a gush of joy is felt by the believer at the very thought of *seeing Jesus!* In Rev. xxii. 4, it is mentioned as a privilege full in itself, "*They shall see His face,*" not lined with grief, nor darkened with holy anger, nor stained with blood. No; they shall "see Him as *He is.*" The first-born of every creature, the mysterious Mediator, robed in royalty, begirt with glory, the object of universal adoration.

2. It implies also a *knowledge* of His *perfections and purposes.* They are "*with Him.*" To them He is ever unfolding His lovely character, His benevolent purposes, His "great and precious promises." To know Him now is "eternal life;" but how much more intimate, animating, and perfect must be the knowledge they have who "*live together with Him.*"

3. It implies, *fellowship, intercourse.* They live

together with Him. He is not an object at which they are merely permitted to gaze. "*He dwells among them*" as a father among his children, cheering them with His smile, supplying every want, filling up every desire! How endeared, intimate, and hallowing must be their converse. He is the head and they are the members. They are "*One with Him, as He is one with the Father.*"

4. Do they "*live together with him*"? Then they share His triumphs, they are partakers of His glory. It is even so. "They have overcome, and now sit with Him on His throne." They have entered into the joy of their Lord. Oh, how does this transcend our richest imaginings! "We see Jesus, crowned with glory and honour;" on His throne He sits, His work is done. "No anxiety sits on His brow; no doubt represses His heart. He has nothing to learn, nothing to resolve. In the settlement of His plans, and in the certainty of His reward, He rests assured. He exults meekly; His *very rapture, is tranquillity*, and He diffuses around Him an infinite repose;"* and in all this those who are "*with Him*" richly participate.

5. *It implies the society of each other.* Their

* Dr. R. W. Hamilton.

blessedness is not a selfish or solitary one. They "*live together*;" and this, so far from diminishing their joy, serves greatly to augment it: for each contributes to all, and all to each, and this for ever. And oh, is this the case? Is it true that those with whom a short time since we conversed in all the familiarity of ordinary life, with whom we wept and sighed over the hardness of our hearts, and the inconsistencies of our lives, who were our "companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus," are now with Him? Is it so? Then we "sorrow not as others." How *can* we? Can we mourn to see, our fellow prisoner free? Can we wish them back? What!—

Back—and leave their spirits' brightness?
Back—and leave their robes of whiteness?
Back—and leave their angel mould?
Back—and leave those streets of gold?
Back—and leave the Lamb that feeds them?
Back—from founts to which He leads them?
Back—and leave their Heavenly Father?
Back—to earth and sin? Nay, rather
Would we live in solitude!
We *would* not ask them if we *could*.

But there is something more in the text. The apostle looks further on—on to the very "end of all things."

Jesus will not sit for ever on the throne He now

occupies. The Mediatorial reign will terminate. Christ will not plead for ever for a rebel race. The working-out of God's redeeming purposes had a beginning, and it will have an end. The day is approaching when Jesus will come, with ten thousand of His angels. "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." And when this takes place, what will become of those who are now with Him? Will he leave them behind? No; He will "*bring them with Him.*" He will bring their spirits with Him from glory, and their bodies from the tomb. How complete will be the salvation of God's people! "*Them will God bring with Him.*" It is true their dust has been scattered by the winds of heaven, and mingled with other dust in a thousand ways; nevertheless God, the Almighty One, *will* bring it again together, so that it shall be the same body. What a putting forth of Divine power and skill will there be on that day! Oh, what interesting spots will our graveyards then become! Imagine, if you can, the joy of the soul on meeting again its long-lost companion. Think of meeting with our friends, "in supereminence of beatific vision, and clasping inseparable hands in joy and bliss in over measure for evermore."*

* Milton.

"Them *will* God bring with Him." He can, and He *will*. He will bring them with Him, that they may witness the dissolution of the earth, and the punishment of His enemies and theirs; that they may see the perfections of His nature, which will then be gloriously displayed; that they may grace His triumphs, and, like ten thousand thousand mirrors, reflect His glory; that they may be publicly acknowledged as His faithful servants; that they may stand forth as the trophies of His grace, the objects of His love, the fruit of His passion, the reward of His sufferings, and the "crown of His rejoicing." Oh, how exalted a position will man then occupy! By creation he was "a little lower than the angels;" by redemption fully wrought out, he is much higher than they.

In the church "thus glorified," God's peculiar and essential glory will be made known "throughout all ages." In it "the principalities and powers in heavenly places" will have set before them throughout eternity "the manifold wisdom," the inflexible justice, the unfailing faithfulness, and the unbounded love of the Triune God. Here, then, is another reason why we should not yield to excessive grief. It is true that the grave is a gloomy spot—the loved

form is returning to dust. But it will not remain there. Oh, no! for—

> These new rising from the tomb,
> With lustre brighter far shall shine;
> Revive with ever-during bloom,
> Safe from diseases and decline.

IV.—Mark briefly the foundation on which our comfort rests. Faith in the death and resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. "*For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.*" The Thessalonian Christians professed to believe in the death and resurrection of Christ; and yet they mourned the loss of their friends, because they would not witness, as they expected to do, the coming of Christ. The apostle sets forth the inconsistency of this. If they believe that Jesus died for them, and by His death acquired a right in them, and that His resurrection was a proof that God had accepted Him and all in Him, then they ought not to suppose that their friends were lost. Could they suppose that His work could prove a failure; that death and the grave would triumph after all? Impossible.

What fundamental doctrines, then, are the death and resurrection of Christ! Take from us these truths,

or our faith in them, and you take away all our hope respecting our friends and ourselves. But with a living, vigorous faith in Christ's Atonement and Resurrection we are filled with consolation. We are assured that all in Him are saved for ever. They are now with Him, and when He comes they will accompany Him. They are in His "hand," and no man "can pluck" them thence. "They shall never perish," but will have "eternal life."

With an unshaken confidence in the love and power of Christ, as set forth in His death and resurrection, take your stand at the grave of your departed friend, and a twofold vision opens before you.

Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide—
Faith can see the other side;
Nature mourns a *cruel* blow—
Faith assures it is not so;
Nature never sees thee more—
Faith but sees thee gone before;
Nature reads a dismal story—
Faith has visions full of glory;
Nature views the change with sadness—
Faith contemplates it with gladness.

O precious faith—inestimable gift! "Blessed indeed is she that believeth, for there shall be a performance of these things." What things? "Eye hath

not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us; unto Him be glory in the Church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

APPENDIX.

ANTIQUITIES OF LANTWIT.

THE following particulars are from the pen of the Rev. Robert Nichols, of Dimlands, in the parish of Lantwit Major, written in the year 1810:—

"Lantwit Major is a large village or dilapidated town, and is surrounded by some of the finest lands in South Wales. Its antiquity is evident:

"1. From the Roman camps, two of which are still to be seen on the eastern cliff;

"2. From the several broad and direct roads, all of which terminate in the town;

"3. From the numerous Roman coins in silver, thirty of which were found about fifty years ago, many of which are still preserved. The town-hall still stands, on which is suspended a bell which the clock strikes, said to have been presented to Illtutus by one of the popes, and on which is the following inscription, 'Ora pro nobis, Sancte Illtute.' This Illtutus, from whom the

parish derives its name Llaniltud—or Lantwit—according to 'The Liber Landavensis,' an ancient MS., a copy of which is still to be seen in the archives of Llandaff—came to Britain in the fifth century, and was made Abbot of Lantwit. Under his care flourished for many years a large seminary, in which many of the British nobility were educated, and was famous until the Norman Conquest, when it was greatly weakened, and under Henry VIII. came to the ground.

"The ruins of this college are still to be seen on the north side of the church. There are also very extensive ruins in different parts of the town. The gaol was demolished but a few years ago, and the name of Gallos Way is still retained, where it is supposed executions took place, as near which a great many human skulls have been found. The house belonging to the rectorial tithes is still a respectable building, having hanging gardens descending towards the church. The two churches are 162 feet in length, beyond which there is a ruin which is called the Lady Chapel. There are also several ancient crosses on which are rude and curious inscriptions, and several very ancient busts and figures, an inspection of which will amply reward the antiquarian."

REV. JOHN PRICE.

WE feel a mournful pleasure in reviving the memory of one of the Lantwit family, who in the year 1834 rose to the ranks of the Wesleyan Ministry. We refer to the late Rev. John Price, son of Mr. W. Price. His course as a missionary was indeed brief, but brilliant. His first appointment was to Montreal, at that time probably the wealthiest and most influential Methodist church in the world. This so taxed his energies that in a few months a change was felt to be necessary. In a letter dated New York, June 4, 1835, he says, "My dear superintendent thought it necessary to send me into the country. On my way, Christ appeared as the life and glory of my soul. I was made very happy; but when I reached the place I found the people cold, and their manner repulsive, so much so, that I found it necessary publicly to reprove them. I began to preach, but felt nothing extraordinary for some time. At length the Lord was pleased to pour out His Spirit in a glorious manner, so that the whole congregation was dissolved in tears, and before the service closed the altars were crowded with penitents crying

out, 'What must I do to be saved?' I preached again in the evening with greater power and liberty than I ever experienced before. Our meetings continued three days, and seventy or eighty persons professed to find redemption in the blood of Christ. After this I passed on to the next circuit, where we witnessed a similar work. These were scenes new to me. My darkness was turned to light, and my adversity into prosperity." He adds: "But in consequence of the death of one of the missionaries in the West Indies, a vacancy has occurred which must be supplied, and the Committee has conferred that honour *upon me. So I* take it, whether they mean it or not. And now I am going in the Name of the Lord." He went not to labour, but to die. He "jeoparded" his life "unto the death in the high places of the field," and received the victor's crown. He was "*faithful unto death.*"

The following interesting account was communicated to the Wesleyan Missionary Secretaries in London, by the Rev. Thomas Lofthouse:—

"Nassau, New Providence, July 20, 1835.

"My heart, and the hearts of the whole mission family, and of the people, are full of sorrow, by

reason of the heavy stroke we are sustaining in the death of our much and dearly beloved brother Price. He landed at Current in perfect health, but went from Spanish Wells in an open boat to Harbour Island, a distance of thirty miles, exposed to the rays of the burning sun, without an awning or an umbrella. On Thursday night, he preached a most excellent sermon from Rom. v. 1, and was apparently in perfect health. On Saturday he complained of pain in his limbs. Antidotes were administered with good effect, and that better medical skill might be exercised he was removed to Nassau. On Wednesday the fever seemed to relinquish its grasp, and we flattered ourselves that he was doing well. On Thursday morning he seemed much relieved in mind, and was more capable of collecting his thoughts and fixing them on spiritual things. His whole soul from the very first was filled with the presence and blessing of God, and seemed to soar in regions of heavenly bliss. He spoke in such a manner on religious subjects as astonished and delighted all around. His heart was so full of peace and joy, that whenever he was allowed to speak it was of heaven. After he had been looking at me with smiles of joy, while conversing on various things

connected with our work, he lifted up his eyes with uncommon emotion, and said:—

"Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains,
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and love shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

"Then, as if lost in wonder, he said with peculiar energy of mind and voice:—

"I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within Thy wounds; the pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

"I shall never forget the strong confidence in the atoning blood of Christ which he manifested from first to last. A word expressive of distrust or of anxiety as to consequences never escaped from his lips. Though he appeared quite sensible of his situation, his constant declaration was, 'I know all will be well,' 'It is all well,' 'My heavenly Father will do right.' And then he would advert to the happy days he had spent among the people at Montreal. Frequently his soul lighted up within

him at the recollection of them. We were hoping all would end well for us, and prayed earnestly that God would restore him; but alas, alas! the fever had retired for a season, as if to make a more violent assault on his whole frame. About three o'clock a material change for the worse took place, and he sank rapidly. About a quarter past four his happy soul took its flight to paradise. A little before he expired he prayed very fervently in Welsh—his native language—and composedly said, 'Amen, Amen!' Soon after he said with difficulty, 'If I die, I shall *live!* I shall live! I shall live! O happy, happy, happy!' Mr. Crofts and all around him kneeled down to pray with him, when he appeared insensible to all earthly things; but he raised his eyes and his voice again, as if animated into new life by the sound of Jesus' name. His death was truly glorious."

THE END.

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